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EDITORIAL

PERNICIOUS DOCTRINE

In the wake of the criminal conviction of two former high-ranking Federal Bureau of Investigation officials, W. Mark Felt and Edward S. Miller, for authorizing break-ins without warrants, it is reported that the Department of Justice still subscribes to the doctrine that the President has "inherent" power, including the power to authorize break-ins. It is a pernicious doctrine with a long history, and it dies hard.

President Grover Cleveland invoked inherent power in jailing Eugene V. Debs during the Pullman strike of 1895 to keep the mail moving. That was upheld by the Supreme Court. But when Harry Truman seized the steel mills in 1952 to prevent a strike from interfering with arms production for the Korean War, the Supreme Court said that "the President's power, if any . . . must stem from an act of Congress or from the Constitution itself." When Richard Nixon asserted inherent power to block publication of the Pentagon Papers, the Supreme Court said that he violated the First Amendment. Nixon also claimed inherent power to authorize warrantless wiretapping, but the Supreme Court ruled unanimously that such power did not exist in domestic security cases.

The Supreme Court has not yet considered warrantless wiretaps of foreign embassies or of foreign spies, which have been upheld by lower courts. No doubt, the Justice Department relies on those decisions in contending that the President has inherent power to authorize break-ins of homes belonging to persons believed to be foreign agents. Messrs. Felt and Miller might well feel bitter about their convictions when the agency prosecuting them says their only sin was not getting higher approval. We take some reassurance from the message of the convictions—that even the F.B.I. must follow the law—but remain disheartened by the Justice Department's belief that the President need not.

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GENETIC ENGINEERING

BONANZA IN THE BIO LAB

JOEL GURIN & NANCY E. PFUND

Late last month, Harvard shocked even the most seasoned of academic observers with its announcement of plans to "go commercial" with its talent for genetic research. Harvard president Derek Bok outlined a scenario in which Harvard would play a major role in setting up a genetic engineering company and retain partial financial interest in its operation. The venture, it was explained, would enable the commercial exploitation of Harvard's research patent. In so doing, Harvard could derive potentially lucrative profits from its genetic research department.

Reactions to the proposal, and to others like it in academic institutions across the country, ran the gamut from euphoria to outrage. Perhaps the bluntest reaction came from Cambridge City Council member Alfred Velucci, a veteran critic of Harvard University in general and of Harvard University's genetic research in particular. In a *Boston Globe* article, he said Harvard officials "should change *Veritas* [the school motto] to a dollar sign and change their color crimson to green."

Ten years ago, a proposal like Harvard's would have been unheard of, let alone blurted across the pages of major newspapers. Biologists used to be the innocent scientists. Nuclear physicists, chemists and electrical engineers discovered long ago that they had world-shaking skills and that industry would pay a high price to use them. Biologists, in contrast, often seemed impractical, even whimsical, as they assiduously studied the genetics of the fruit fly Drosophila or the sex life of the sea urchin.

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LETTERS.

LABOR 'BARONS'

Greenlawn, N.Y.

I would like to second most of what Norman Birnbaum writes about Poland ["Polish Prospects," *The Nation*, Sept. 27] but then to sharply part company with him on one point of great relevance to the future vitality—and progressivism—of our own labor movement. He is certainly correct when he says, "Our elites, like those in the Soviet bloc, fear nothing so much as spontaneity [from the masses in opposition to elite policies]." His error is to confine "our elites" to corporate, media and governmental leaders while pretending that our trade union chiefs are any different.

The same Douglas Fraser who supports the Polish workers brought over 1,000 United Automobile Workers staffmen to batter their way through the picket line of his own members outside a Detroit Chrysler plant during the heat-protest plant seizures of summer 1973.

The greatest rank-and-file insurgent movement for democratic reform in organized labor today is Teamsters for a Democratic Union, which grew—much like the Polish movement—out of the 1976 struggle for a "decent contract." (Last year they were joined by the older but smaller PROD.) The labor "baron" with the (rightful) reputation of being most progressive is William Winpisinger, the machinists' president. His own policies are so left that he walked out of the Democratic Convention to announce his support for Barry Commoner of the Citizens Party for President. What does he have to say about the T.D.U. insurgents? "They asked me to back them, but I ask myself, 'Hell, what's to stop a bunch like that from coming in here and doing the same thing?'" He even denounced dissident Chicago steel union leader Ed Sadlowski, in . . . bureaucratic solidarity.

If this is what Birnbaum means by "progressive" and "democratic socialist" it should be no wonder that American workers are not attracted to left politics. Just as American leftists should not judge the socialist credentials of a regime by its foreign policy, middle-class progressives should be cautious about celebrating union leaders because of their positions on national politics. I could happily vote for "Wimpy" for Congress, but as a union leader he is just another self-serving bureaucrat. As to Fraser, while he may well be above personal corruption (unlike many Teamster officials), his method of dealing with militant dissent in his own rank and file seems to be no different from that of right-wing Frank Fitzsimmons.

Robert St-Cyr

FIGHTING DEPRESSION

New York City

In her review of Maggie Scarf's book about depression, *Unfinished Business* ["A Land of Darkness," *The Nation*, Oct. 4], Susan Jacoby expresses some views about this illness and its treatment that are ill-informed and possibly harmful.

Jacoby would reserve professional intervention for "a minority of depression cases—especially those accompanied by serious, persistent thoughts of suicide," and would "question the advisability of treatment—especially drug therapy" for those people who "will recover on their own without treatment" and who stand to suffer from unpleasant side effects or even lethal overdoses of the prescribed antidepressant drugs.

In fact, studies have estimated that the mortality rate for *untreated* depression is far higher than the mortality rate accompanying antidepressant drug treatment or electroshock therapy (see D. F. Klein et al., *Diagnosis and Drug Treatment of Psychiatric Disorders: Adults and Children*): depression is a highly lethal disease. Furthermore, it is not often possible to know in advance—by days or sometimes even by hours—which depressed patient will survive on his or her own steam, as Jacoby did, and which one will become suicidal. Any psychiatrist who, without stepping in to treat, waits long enough for "serious, persistent thoughts of suicide" to develop is acting irresponsibly. On the less morbid side, we also disagree with Jacoby that an expectation of spontaneous recovery would justify nontreatment for four to twelve months of depression, when the symptoms usually include sleeplessness, weight loss, difficulty in functioning at work and a loss of ability to enjoy sex or any other kind of pleasure.

Jacoby sees another risk to treatment: a possible loss of self-esteem that might accompany "continuing dependence on drugs or therapeutic professions." But the idea that self-esteem must depend on pulling oneself up by one's own bootstraps, regardless of the obstacles, is as misguided as the notion that psychotherapy and drugs are powerful enough in and of themselves to usurp a person's autonomy. Psychiatry, in essence, tries to help replace what has been lost or left undeveloped: in depression, what has been lost is the ability to function and enjoy life, which is the basis for independence and self-esteem.

David E. Ness, M.D.
Bonnie S. Kaufman, M.D.

AN END TO TESTING

Nyack, N.Y.

Norman Solomon's article on underground testing, "The Atom-Weapons Lobby Is Gaining" [*The Nation*, Oct. 11] could not have appeared at a better time. . . .

As noted in Solomon's article, opposition to the testing among downwind residents is growing. More than 6,000 people in southern Utah recently signed a petition calling for a halt to the testing. Prominent scientists, disarmament and arms control advocates and environmental groups have expressed support for a comprehensive test ban (C.T.B.). But a coalition that could build significant public support for a C.T.B. has yet to emerge.

At a meeting of local organizers from around the country in Evergreen, Colorado, this past September, plans were laid for a three-day national strategy conference to develop a campaign for a C.T.B. The conference will take place in Salt Lake City on December 12-14. It will seek to involve a wide range of people concerned about continued nuclear testing from the standpoints of public health, environmental safety, global arms proliferation and U.S. escalation of the arms race. Sponsors of the conference include Citizen's Call (an organization of downwind residents in Utah), the American Friends Service Committee/Fellowship of Reconciliation Nuclear Weapons Facilities Project and the U.C. Weapons Lab Conversion Project in Berkeley, California.

We hope this event will signal the beginning of a sustained effort that can end, once and for all, the rumblings in Nevada and other desolate test sites that threaten to destroy us all.

Pam Solo
Mike Jendrzejczyk

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EDITORIALS.

Symposium: What Is to Be Done?

We interrupt our regular editorials to bring you the following important announcement: take heart. That, at any rate, is the collective view of our symposiasts, whom we asked, in essence, what next? Although the panel agrees that Ronald Reagan may well compound the Washington mess dumped in his lap by Jimmy Carter, they are not drawing perverse comfort from this. The worst-case scenarios about a Reagan Administration do not encourage gleeful anticipation of his fumbles. Rather, the message is that you can't lick 'em by joining 'em—that the center has been co-opted by the Republicans; that a radical liberalism, which speaks to the alienated, non-Reagan majority, must emerge. So take heart; there is much to be done. —*The Editors*

Philip Green

Liberal Democracts are finally paying the inevitable price for lacking the courage of their convictions—or in some cases for lacking convictions. Halfhearted Keynesianism is passé in an age of both scarce and expensive resources and in which there is a general sense of entitlement that adds up to much more than 100 percent of whatever economic growth does fitfully take place. Welfarist policies without redistribution are stultifying in the absence of significant growth, and two-bit militarism and imperialism are no substitute for the real thing that the right offers.

In the light of the sweeping conservative triumph, therefore, liberals now face three choices: to move even further right, fellow-traveling with conservatism and thus forfeiting the possibility ever to pose a genuine alternative; to give all their energies to bolstering agencies of self-defense such as the American Civil Liberties Union and the National Abortion Rights Action League, which will be continually

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on the retreat; or to take a leaf from the right's book, overcome their fear of being on "the left," and join in the construction of a newly constituted opposition. The following is a modest, partial (and certainly unoriginal) list of suggestions for a broad-based initiative that is within the American grain and thus could sustain a real left opposition.

• *Butter instead of guns.* If liberals and Democrats can't make that choice, then they truly have nothing different to offer the American people. The bloated defense budget is the obvious area for cutting government expenditures and thus the rate of inflation; even after such cuts were made, it would still be the primary short-run source of capital for new social investment either in industrial productivity or in human resources. Perhaps America needs the kind of empire that can only be protected by armed force, in which case the left ought not to govern (and cannot). But if in the long run we can indeed be able to live satisfactory lives without controlling any more of the earth's resources than we deserve to control, that case has to be made to the American people, without equivocation, no matter how long it takes. As for the Red Menace, anyone not willing to endorse a posture of minimum nuclear deterrents plus a standing army incapable of instant, major overseas adventures has a proper home in the Republican Party.

• *Mobilization of the unmobilized.* There are millions of nonvoters out there waiting for someone to care about them. By "mobilization" I mean actual penetration into areas of permanently high unemployment, predominantly minority populations and profound alienation by agents of a party of genuine reform. What is needed are concrete policies, of which the most significant would be commitments to equal opportunity in employment and, beyond that, to *employment guarantees* based on the promise to establish new, labor-intensive, high-wage industry (including housing construction) in the appropriate areas. (This, of course, is *not* Jack Kemp's proposal for "free-enterprise zones," which is based on nothing but a wishful or perhaps willful misunderstanding of the way private enterprises make their decisions.) Furthermore, as a token of seriousness for what would initially be only promises, there must be a vital presence of party members in those areas, helping to provide access to legal and medical services, representation before bureaucracies and local governments, and the like—in other words, the "machine" re-created as a political movement.

At the same time, any viable reform movement today must establish itself as the most comfortable home of both middle-class and working-class women. That requires, first, a stance against international belligerence and for negotiated disarmament, and second, a serious and believable commitment on issues of particular concern to women, such as affirmative action, day care, equality of treatment at work, freedom from sexual harassment on the job and physical abuse within the family, among many obvious examples.

Above all, perhaps, mobilization of the unmobilized means co-opting their representatives into positions of real, not token, leadership at every level. There is no more dispiriting sight than the inevitable five or six overfed white males who are to be seen on television deciding the fate of the nation, region, state or city every time there's a minor or major crisis; a party of change has to put its leaders where its mouth is.

• *Economic democracy.* The quid pro quo for a coalition encompassing the previously unmobilized (who may be mostly minorities and women) has to be an equally credible relationship with the broad working class. For the present at least, traditional New Deal or socialist programs will not be credible. However, there is a range of prospective policies, especially addressing the needs of workers, that do not require a major bureaucratic expansion or inflationary costs. Examples are proposals for: health-care price control combined with legislation that encourages the provision of prepaid health insurance as part of collective bargaining agreements; legislation, on the West German model, preventing plant closures, or the migration of capital in general, without work-force consultation and some kind of worker and community approval; worker participation in the setting of health and safety standards and worker supervision of health and safety inspection.

Beyond such specific proposals, of course, any left party in the United States is going to have to have platforms on energy and on employment that offer alternatives to conservative do-nothingism without being legitimately subject to the charge that they are utopian rather than realistic. *Nation* readers are familiar with the problems and prospects here (see, for example, Robert Engler's article on evaluating energy alternatives [*The Nation*, October 25]; Barry Commoner's book *Politics of Energy*; Amory Lovins's *Soft Energy Paths*; or even Stovaugh and Yergin's *Energy Future*). The task is to construct a coherent platform *and* publicize it at the grass roots. To accomplish this, any party of reform, whether a new party or a transformed Democratic Party, will have to negotiate ties with labor unions (at least those in which the leadership has some genuinely representative relationship with the rank and file) of a more tangible kind than have heretofore existed in the United States.

It will certainly be a long haul, and if conservatism can govern effectively, we are in for an incredibly dismal time. But surely our premise must be that it cannot. The day after the election, Representative Morris Udall said that the future of liberalism lies with "problem solvers" rather than "ideologues." He is wrong. The problems of this society

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CORRECTION

Because of a typographical error, the number of states in which the Citizens Party appeared on the ballot was given incorrectly in last week's *Item. Item. Item.* column. The Citizens Party was on the ballot in thirty states.

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cannot be "solved" given the present constellation of social forces. If that kind of resignation becomes its stance, liberalism has no future.

Robert Lekachman

Yes, Jimmy Carter has been a confused and confusing President, a square in the Oval Office. Yes, he flip-flopped on defense spending, arms sales, the Middle East, the Federal budget and so many other issues it's hard to keep score, even if the effort were still worthwhile. Yes, the Ayatollah, by design or miscalculation, cast his vote for Ronald Reagan. As for the President-elect, he amply demonstrated that the shallowness of the debate format ideally matched the glibness of his personality and allowed him to reiterate right-wing platitudes in the most soothing of tones.

According to the pollsters, the economic issues were decisive. Carter probably failed to understand and certainly failed to confront the major problem of advanced industrial economies since 1973—the certainty that energy will never again be as cheap as it was a mere seven years ago. Rapid growth and inexpensive, dependable supplies of energy are as intimately entwined as are their opposites. Slow growth requires coherent national response. As belatedly enacted by Congress, the Administration's energy policy approximated surrender to the major oil companies and the synfuels racket, scarcely mitigated by a windfall profits tax riddled with escape clauses.

On inflation, Carter, who, as a candidate, had the good sense to advocate standby Presidential authority over wages and prices, took the advice of his economists and rejected such controls with an indignation worthier of a better target. He experimented first with a derisory set of wage-price guidelines presided over by a man who himself suggested that his major achievement was the growth of a mustache. Briefly, he opted for a balanced budget and then, in an election year, for a deliberate recession. Nothing worked. Inflation flourishes. So do unemployment and prohibitively high interest rates.

Carter deserved what he got, but the defeat of such liberals as McGovern, Bayh, Culver, Nelson and Church merits a bit of additional exegesis. In part, of course, they suffered from the lethal fallout from the failed Presidency of a fellow Democrat. The voters probably responded to a spreading perception that money is no longer available for existing social programs, let alone for expansions of health and welfare protections, at least as liberals have traditionally delivered these benefits. The Lyndon Johnson formula combined tax cuts for the middle class with assorted anti-poverty initiatives for the poor. Money is no longer available out of the proceeds of sluggish economic growth to finance either the programs or the tax cuts.

Carter's attempts to please traditional Democratic constituencies indeed contributed to the virulent inflation that has eroded real incomes and allowed Reagan to ask the devastating question: Are you better off than you were four years ago? In fact a great many factory and office workers are worse off, even if they retain their jobs. In other words, Congressional liberals, with some justification, were blamed both for inflation *and* for failing to deliver the national-health and full-employment programs high on the party agenda. No wonder the public preferred the nostrums of the right, whose calamities are yet to be encountered, to the muddled and inadequate liberalism of the last four years.

Glaringly missing was a credible radical alternative to collapsed liberalism and right-wing snake oil. We shall have the time during the next few years to explore the nature of a sensible radical response to difficult problems of equity and employment. Suffice it to say that the elements of such a response are likely to include democratic planning, coherent incomes policies, regulation of large corporations, restrictions on the mobility of capital and social control of investment. Blessed with a Republican Senate, a frightened Democratic House of Representatives, the most conservative Supreme Court since the Truman era and a monetarist chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, Ronald Reagan will have approximately the same freedom of action as Mrs. Thatcher's true believers in England. The consequences are likely to be just about as pleasant as the contemporary English register of high interest rates, high unemployment, high prices and high bankruptcy rates.

Alan Wolfe

Ron, as former President Gerald Ford called him on the night of his triumph, has pulled off one of the most remarkable political victories in American history. The pundits and political analysts who predicted that the election would be close now claim that Ronald Reagan has a conservative mandate to change the course of postwar politics. How much will Reagan change? How much can he change? "I give the Reagan Administration about eighteen to twenty-four months to prove that it doesn't have any answers either," said Colorado Senator Gary Hart after the election. The distinguished Senator, in my opinion, is too kind; it is clear even as I write this that Reagan is a man without a solution to the mess that is America.

There will be attempts to change things, of course. For those with the stomach to watch this Administration, I offer a guide to its conduct: Reagan will champion at the national level the politics of Ed Koch at the local. New York readers may recall Jack Newfield's characterization of their Mayor: a bully to the weak and a toady to the powerful. The guiding principle of the Reagan Administration will be to attack the powerless and to cozy up to the powerful. Since it remains the case that the powerful caused the mess we are in, it follows, as night the day, that the Reagan program will be one of leaving in place all the forces that cause our malaise, rewarding the perpetrators while lashing out at their victims.

America's capacity for meanness has been tried, but never

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fully tested. That we have one of the meanest national streaks in the world, all of it wrapped in Christian charity, seems to me established beyond doubt. Yet the results of the 1980 election can be read as a popular groundswell that we have not been mean enough. It is not that so many conservatives won—there is something about genuine conservatism that is admirable. How can anyone call New York's new Senator, Alfonse D'Amato, a conservative? To do so is to reduce his venality, which transcends political categories, to narrow limits. And D'Amato will have plenty of company. The people have given us James Abdnor who, campaigning against McGovern, did not seem to know where Europe was; Paula Hawkins, a woman who thinks that women have too much power; and Arlen Specter, whom I remember from my youth in Philadelphia as a man who could not be elected dogcatcher. Go back and read Henry Adams's *Democracy*; it is the best guide to the 97th Congress that I know.

This election, if I may quote the editor of this magazine, was a "degradation ceremony": the American people are determined to make the world understand that self-humiliation is a feature of their political culture. Can anyone, of any political persuasion, really take pride in the defeats of Culver, Bayh, Church, McGovern, Nelson and, especially, Holtzman? Determined to punish themselves for their sins, the Americans, a sanctimonious tribe, elected a bunch of thugs to plunder both the public purse and the nation's image. Yet, as practical as they are sinful, middle-class Americans will also insure that the punishment does not affect them directly. Women, the poor and the minorities will be asked to pay for the sins of the people. We are all guilty of excess, the message seems to read, and we all need to confess, but you, not I, will pay the price.

Reagan, who knows a mandate when he sees it, will make every effort to satisfy the need for change. Yet once he has made it impossible for women to have abortions and after he has strengthened the criminal justice system to frighten political, cultural and sexual dissidents, where can he turn? He has pledged to give more privileges to the privileged, and when he does, the very forces that gave him his victory—inflation, unemployment and the decline of American economic power—will work against him. Reagan will be hoisted by the same petard that blew away Carter.

May I offer readers of *The Nation* the thought that Reagan will not be as bad as they think, except, of course, in the realm of civil rights and liberties? The net effect of a Reagan Presidency will be to weaken imperial America, for Reagan depends on the very forces that wrecked the country in the past. Building up the military, giving corporate America the kitchen sink, breaking the resistance of organized labor, Ronald Reagan will slide America deeper into its decline. In the short run, the victims of America's empire, from South America to South Africa, will suffer, but in the long run, their struggles for freedom will be enhanced by a President who sets out to strengthen the imperium and in the process divides it against itself.

In one other sense will Reagan be seen as not the worst that can happen. As his Administration fails to control prices, as the MX and Trident fail to deter social change in the world and as blacks fail to disappear from the city streets, Reagan will be unable to satisfy the clamorous voices of the right. Jerry Falwell and the members of the Moral Majority will come to view Reagan as a crypto-socialist, and they will look around for a new savior. Unless the left gets itself together, it may remember the Reagan Administration not as the triumph of the right but as the moderate prelude before the real thing.

The traditional centers of resistance against the American right—New England Brahmins and centrist liberals—have collapsed. Unlike during the McCarthy period, when Dwight Eisenhower and Joseph Welch proved to be too much for those whom Dean Acheson called the "primitives," there does not, at the present time, seem to be a bulwark against reaction. (We may thank Jimmy Carter, as he assumes his place in the Warren G. Harding Hall of Fame, for much of that.) If there is to be an America that stands for more than public plunder, it will have to come from a regrouping and revitalization on the left—the center gave up some time ago. Reaganism gives the left what may be its last chance; whether it takes advantage of its opportunity is another matter entirely.

A few lessons might be worth remembering. First, the Reagan victory is not the end of the world. Nonvoting was as high as usual; Carter asked for his humiliation and, in my opinion, deserved to lose; and much that is political and exciting in America takes place away from the glare of media-dominated election campaigns. Second, Reagan will fail; if he does not control business and the military, he will have to. Third, when he fails, people who care about this country had better have a program and some notions about how to win popular support for them. Heaven help us if we don't.

Such programs must avoid the mistakes of the past. Liberals in postwar America, seduced by economic growth, put their faith in a series of attempts to expand the economy so that the poor could benefit while the rich would profit. Such a program, embodied in the Carter Administration, became bankrupt once the growth was not present to finance it, and we have Reagan to thank for pointing this out. The task now is to return to the drawing boards and develop a program for democracy in austerity so that, when the time comes, we will be ready.

Alan Wolfe, a member of The Nation*'s Editorial Board, teaches sociology at Queens College and has recently written* The Rise and Fall of the Soviet Threat *(Institute for Policy Studies).*

Norman Birnbaum

Both George Bush and Ronald Reagan reacted to their victory with repeated expressions of disbelief. The feeling of unreality is usually a defense against perceptions that threaten to overwhelm the self. Perhaps these two accomplished, if unwitting, clowns had a sudden accession of modesty—a glimpse of the impossibility of redeeming their absurd promises, an apprehension of the failures that must come. We, the losers,

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can keep ourselves intact only if we look deeper than the events (and pseudo-events) which hold so many of our contemporaries intellectual hostage. The election was not the decisive change proclaimed by shallow and venal experts. It is most definitely not a historical or moral justification for the abandonment of our project of developing a broad coalition for fundamental reforms. Governor Carey has called upon the Democratic Party to "modernize" itself, and that is an injunction that commands assent. A truly modern society would provide a vastly improved public infrastructure, new forms of participation by the citizenry in economic and social decisions and would eschew the destructive imperialism which deforms our national life and renders us increasingly impotent abroad. Modernization most certainly does not entail an ignoble capitulation to the carefully fabricated ideological illusions of the moment.

I have warned against obsessional attention to superficial events. They can, however, be instructive. Consider three minor incidents that followed the election. The first anti-Reagan demonstration of the Presidency has already occurred—at Berkeley, California. On the same campus, two professors hastened into print (the Op-Ed page of *The New York Times*) with an offer of their services to the new Administration—tactfully put as an appeal for a return to a bipartisan consensus in foreign affairs. Finally, the banks raised their lending rates—stopping an incipient Republican boom in the stock market after exactly one day.

The demonstration reminded us of what the professors ostensibly ignored. There is no foreign policy consensus in this nation, and the Democrats who profess "bipartisanship" speak only for a single war party which may well be the dominant element in American politics—but which dares not (for fear of the consequences) even introduce conscription. The banks and the stock market, each in their way, also spoke. The new Government will be staffed by people who, in Reagan's words, do not need the job—ordinary Americans from the ninety-ninth percentile of income distribution. Let us leave aside the extraordinary contempt for the public sphere, for res publica in general, which this shows on the part of our new President. The man is vulgar, so more cannot be expected. The statement at least reminds us that in Reagan's crowd, the term "noblesse oblige" would require translation in several senses. They will use the government to assist the private sector to install itself comfortably and profitably in inflation. There is no chance that it will decrease, or that employment will increase. To what or whom in two or four or eight years will the electorate turn?

Before attempting an answer, let us ask why the Democrats lost. Their Presidential candidate was extraordinarily weak. The party as a whole was deeply divided. It had no policy more consistent than that of the Administration on détente or the economy. It most certainly lacked a vision of American society at the end of the twentieth century. It could neither espouse the crudities of Zbigniew Brzezinski nor advance from the cautious restraint of Cyrus Vance to a radical reconsideration of our world role. It did not convince business that it could manage the economy or propose a far more commanding and innovative role for government and the public in economic affairs.

A determined counteroffensive by the Republicans prepared the way for their victories in the Presidential campaign and in the Senate (and, to a lesser extent, the House). Too much has been made of the Moral Majority and the conservative political action groups. The terrain for their campaign had been cleared by far more respectable agencies: the universities and the media. The opinion-fabricating industry, from the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard to the national TV news shows, propagated ideas of the economy, of foreign policy, that narrowed the public's vision of possibility. In the circumstances, the wonder is not that the Democrats did so badly but that they did so well.

The most cursory examination of the recent past suggests that, quite apart from the fatuity of its economic policies, the Reagan Presidency will be destroyed by foreign affairs (if, of course, it does not destroy humanity in a pre-emptive strike beforehand). Every American President since John Kennedy has been sacrificed as one of the costs of empire. (And perhaps Kennedy too—but on that, Richard Helms is the authority.) Vietnam defeated Lyndon Johnson. Richard Nixon's deployment against the Democrats of the agencies and techniques that Johnson mobilized against the antiwar movement terminated his Presidency. Gerald Ford's interregnum ended when the Republican right decided that, in foreign policy, he and the "traitor" Kissinger were indistinguishable from the Democrats. The Ayatollah Khomeini, in the end, defeated Jimmy Carter—and may live to inflict the same punishment on Reagan.

Reagan may soon find his bold platform buckled under the weight of its own contradictions. The NATO nations will not accept a confrontation course with the Soviet Union. If Helmut Schmidt accepts the proposal to negotiate a new SALT treaty, he (and the U.S.S.R.) will insist that the Euromissiles and the European forces be included. If "linkage" is to be revived, the U.S.S.R. will ask to be included in Middle East negotiations—much to the chagrin of the Israeli lobby. If Reagan dares to seek conscription, a national debate with immense consequences will begin—and will not end even if the draft passes. Should American troops be sent to fight abroad, and should the war be contested, we will repeat the experience of Vietnam—draft resistance, huge domestic demonstrations, troop mutinies and incipient civil war. No doubt, many in the Reagan Administration (and some now rushing to join it from the Coalition for a Democratic Majority) would be prepared to use the repressive apparatus of the state against the opposition. Be that as it may, the new American consensus is like the old one—a chimera.

In all of this, is there hope for anything but a return to the reactive Democratic politics? August Bebel once described anti-Semitism as the socialism of fools. The American public's belief that the flaws of a capitalist economy are due not

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to capitalism but to government's efforts to ameliorate it is certainly the social democracy of the blind. Meanwhile, our people may enjoy the fruits of empire—but are quite unwilling to pay the price in blood and treasure. They are pacifists who dare not avow their large unwillingness to fight. (Reagan won by winking at his audiences—intimating that he really is an amiable weakling and not a tough guy. He may be right.)

It falls to the Democratic Party to take these ideological dissonances and give us very different political sounds. With Brademas, Culver, Eckhardt and McGovern out of office, Kennedy without his committees, O'Neill beleaguered, the time for profound alterations has come. The Democratic Party, surely, cannot accept a role as a permanent loyal opposition in an America shaped culturally by the alliance of the Moral Majority and the country club, and economically by the hand of the market, while servile academics and narrow experts assure us that we live in the best of all societies. The 1980 election consecrates a condition of fact. Our nation is at its wits' end. It is time for the cultivation of a new political intelligence.

Aryeh Neier

Fifteen years ago, Representative John Murphy, Democrat of New York, inserted an item in the *Congressional Record* denouncing me for suggesting that a woman's right to obtain an abortion is a matter of civil liberty. The only satisfaction I derive from the election debacle is that Murphy lost. Even that is diluted a little by the knowledge that his defeat is not attributable to the multitude of sins of which I know him to be guilty but to the unproved allegation that he succumbed to Abscam entrapment.

Reflecting on my first brush with Murphy as the election returns came in, I realized that the connecting link is the paramountcy of the abortion issue. Right to life, the most powerful popular movement in the United States during the past half-dozen years, won stunning victories everywhere. The religious fundamentalists who have attracted so much attention lately rode its coattails to political prominence and power. Now that they have power, they will cause trouble on a lot of fronts. What is to be done?

I believe that the mistake of the past has been to allow opponents of the right of women to obtain abortions to monopolize public debate. They go all-out in advertising their view that abortion is murder. By contrast, proponents of the view that a woman has a right to choose whether to bear a child run scared, and hardly ever make an issue of their views. Even women's rights groups sometimes play down their stands on abortion, preferring to seek support by emphasizing the much less controversial—and much less important—Equal Rights Amendment. At least as many Americans favor the right of women to obtain abortions as oppose it. And, more significant politically, millions of women have abortions, making it possible that a formidable constituency could be mobilized that demonstrates a passionate concern with preserving the right. But it cannot be done without outspoken leadership.

An example of what could be done was evident in the Carter-Reagan debate. Toward the end, Carter mentioned the contrast in the two candidates' positions on the E.R.A. Reagan's managers said later that this was the only issue that came up on which their candidate lost support. But what if Carter had also pointed out that Reagan favors a constitutional amendment that would coerce a teen-ager who becomes pregnant to bear a child and that could force a mother of four grown children who becomes pregnant to bear a child? As an opponent of Medicaid funding for abortions for poor women, Carter was in a bad position to raise the question. But what if he had? Reagan would have had to defend the view that women who get pregnant, no matter how young or how old, must be required by the criminal law to bear children. The great majority of right to lifers voted for Reagan anyway. But many other Americans might have defected from his standard if Carter had been willing and able to confront him directly on abortion.

I have little hope that this advice will be heeded. Seeing so many fine public officials go down to defeat because of their stands on abortion, the survivors will be tempted to duck even deeper. Some may even profess to discover the virtues of the right-to-life position. The results of the election make it possible for the right to lifers to pass a constitutional amendment reversing the Supreme Court's 1973 decision on abortion, or perhaps Reagan will appoint enough "pro-life" members to the Court to get it to reverse itself. Whether or not either of these come to pass, the right to lifers will dominate American politics unless and until a countervailing political movement emerges that takes them on directly.

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Co-op Crackdown

The depressing alternatives offered in the recent Presidential campaign will have produced at least one positive result if progressives resolve to concentrate their energies on building constituencies at the local level. One organization that can provide a model of this sort of endeavor, as well as a warning of the fate that often awaits successful local organizing efforts, is the Federation of Southern Cooperatives (F.S.C.).

An outgrowth of the civil rights movement, the F.S.C. was founded in 1967 to improve the quality of life for the rural poor—black and white—through cooperative economic development. Since its incorporation, the federation has grown from its twenty-two founding members to more than 100 co-ops in fourteen states and has raised more than $15 million, from government and private foundations, to provide locally controlled credit unions, energy projects, housing rehabilitation, and training in co-op organization, management, accounting, marketing and other skills. Head-

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quartered on 1,300 acres of land near Epes, in rural Sumter County, Alabama, the federation has been opposed from the beginning by the local power structure, and that opposition has grown as more "movement" families have settled into the area and become involved, as private citizens, in local politics and especially in controversies over the local school system. "Government-funded activism" is what the Livingston, Alabama, *Home Record* calls it. The *Home Record* is owned by the local mayor.

When this local opposition proved insufficient, the Feds were called in. First-term Democratic Representative Richard Shelby demanded a Government Accounting Office audit, and after that turned up no wrongdoing, the Federal Bureau of Investigation was prevailed upon to launch an inquiry. On December 31, 1979, F.S.C. director Charles Prejean received a subpoena from the Federal grand jury in Birmingham demanding all documents relating to Federally funded projects, including the names and addresses of all participants from 1975 through 1979. About ten file drawers of material were turned over last February, but in June the U.S. Attorney sent a seven-page letter asking for even more—still without any indication of what was being investigated. Two meetings of F.S.C. supporters with Justice Department officials also failed to produce any statement of what wrongdoing was suspected. Prejean refused to submit to this "fishing expedition," and a new subpoena was issued—this time to Prejean and four of his associates.

This new material was due on November 5. Several days before the expected courtroom confrontation, the U.S. Attorney finally specified the subject of his concern (two narrow areas, one involving a subcontractor) and Prejean and his associates were able to comply with the subpoena.

But this is hardly a victory. F.S.C. has already paid more than $20,000 in legal fees, and its funding sources have halted their support pending the outcome of this protracted "investigation." This hounding and harassment by the F.B.I. and the Justice Department is all too reminiscent of the 1960s (and earlier), and it suggests a pattern that—as Jimmy Carter was fond of saying about Ronald Reagan—is "very disturbing." As Prejean put it, "It is no accident that the federation was chosen for attention and scrutiny by the F.B.I. As we start the 1980s, certain elements in our nation are seeking to stamp out grass-roots organizations of the poor, minorities and working people, especially groups like the federation, which are experienced and have survived the turbulence of the 1960s and the indifference of the 1970s."

ARTICLES.

MOST POLICED STATE

The Lights Are Out in Uruguay

PATRICK BRESLIN

"Never shall we be capable of a first-class catastrophe," novelist and poet Mario Benedetti once wrote of his native Uruguay. Benedetti now lives in exile, as do hundreds of thousands of his compatriots. His country, once a peaceful, democratic welfare state, is now a totalitarian military dictatorship, perhaps the bleakest in the hemisphere, yet Benedetti's words remain eerily accurate. The slide into national ruin was gradual and gray, like the lives of his characters. It lacked the drama of the demise of democracy among Uruguay's Southern Cone neighbors. There was no storming of the presidential palace as in Chile, no almost-mythic and world-famous figure like Perón in Argentina. As a result, Uruguay's plight has drawn only intermittent notice from the outside world.

That may begin to change this year, however. For the first time since the military took control in 1973, there are stirrings of hope among Uruguayan democratic leaders, both within the country and in exile. The first steps have been taken toward a common civilian opposition to the military Government. It is too early yet to tell what the impact will be, but there is a growing sense that Uruguay, like a ball falling in slow motion, has finally touched bottom with a soft thud, and may be rebounding.

But it's a long way back up. Once known as the "Switzerland of South America" for its democratic stability as well as its small size (which is relative: dwarfed by Argentina and Brazil, it is almost one and a half times as large as England), Uruguay is now a land of fear, caution and whispered conversations. The police and the military are an oppressive presence. Naval commandos in blotchy camouflage uniforms are sometimes seen riding around Montevideo in trucks. Their headquarters, a huge building by the port, is said to be the most feared torture center in the country. Police in the center of the city walk, not in pairs but in groups of at least three. "Why are there always three policemen together?" begins a Uruguayan joke. "One knows how to read. One knows how to write. And the third watches to make sure those two intellectuals don't become subversives."

If anything, the police and military presence is even more noticeable in the small cities of the interior. For its size—some 2.8 million inhabitants—Uruguay is one of the world's most heavily policed populations. There are almost 35,000 men in the armed forces and 15,000 police. In Costa Rica, a country of two million, one-tenth that number handle all police and security services.

Uruguay faces no external threat, and lacks the natural barriers that would make self-defense against an attack by one of its giant neighbors credible. Thus, its military has never been held in high esteem. "In terms of status," a U.S. Embassy official said, "they are considered two levels

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below the postal service." Nothing the military has done since taking power has increased their standing. The disdain for military personnel is intense, palpable. "They're a plague on the country," a Uruguayan agronomist said as he stared stonily at a truck convoy of troops on a highway in the interior. "They're a new social class, with many privileges. There are more and more of them every day, and they serve no useful function. It's absurd that a country this size has a military establishment like that."

Internal repression is, of course, the primary function of the large military establishment. It has been carried out with chilling singleness of purpose. The Paris-based Secretariat International des Juristes pour l'amnistie en Uruguay recently released interviews with a defector from the Uruguayan Army indicating that surveillance of the civilian population is constant and that torture is regularly taught in the armed forces' intelligence courses and used systematically.

Uruguayans, of course, have known this for years. They wonder how a postmilitary Government would deal with the crimes of the recent past. "The military has generated so much hatred with the things they've done," the agronomist said. "I know a man whose wife was violated in front of him. There was the wife of a politician who died when she drank poisoned wine they sent to her home. I believe Christians must forgive, but that kind of thing is not just wiped away."

Repression in Uruguay has touched practically everyone. Amnesty International estimated that by 1979, one of every fifty Uruguayans had been through some period of imprisonment. "Those bastards tortured 20,000 people," the embassy official said. Thus, almost everyone you talk to has had direct or indirect experience of repression. Everyone who hasn't been personally picked up has a relative or friend in prison or knows people who have been tortured, or mentions a son or daughter in exile.

DRAWINGS BY FRANCES JETTER

No form of protest is permitted. Any questioning of military or police actions brings arrest. For a time, whenever the national anthem was played, Uruguayans would sing one of its lines, "*¡Tiranos, temblad!*" ("tremble, tyrants") with particular force. The score was changed so that now those words must be sung softly.

Despite the military penchant for order and hierarchy, Uruguay's ruling apparatus is anything but neat. The principal institutions of power are the Junta de Oficiales Generales (J.O.G.), which has thirteen army officers and five each from the air force, the navy and ESMACO—the Estado Mayor Conjunto, the combined general staff for the J.O.G. In addition, there are three councils of varying importance: COSENA, the National Security Council, includes the officers in the J.O.G. plus the civilian President, Aparicio Méndez Manfredini, a 75-year-old conservative appointed by the military, and key ministers. The Council of State consists of twenty-five hand-picked civilians, including the Vice President. And the Council of the Nation includes the J.O.G., all Cabinet members and the Council of State and acts as a quasi-legislative body.

Civilians sometimes exercise power because the military seems more interested in trappings. "Saluting and parades, that's all they know how to do," a U.S. Embassy official said. "They're constantly organizing ceremonies about the military working with the people. But the only people who go are their relatives, and they're trucked in."

But real power, of course, rests with the military. An informal body, the Junta de Comandantes en Jefe (Junta of Commanders in Chief), brings together leaders of the three military branches for most key decisions. The army commander in chief, Gen. Luis Queirolo, is the current strongman. Up to now, the military rulers have adhered strictly to retirement rules to forestall internal rivalries, and this has prevented the emergence of a personal dictatorship. But Queirolo is early in a four-year term and thus has time for his ambitions to swell.

The Uruguay the military has fashioned in the past seven years bears little resemblance to the nation that was, for most of the twentieth century, an island of political stability and democracy, of advanced social legislation and a solidly established middle class. During those seven years, Uruguay gained the dubious distinction, according to Amnesty International, of having a higher proportion of its population imprisoned for political reasons than any other country on earth. Hundreds of thousands of Uruguayans—the most widely quoted figure is 600,000—have emigrated, many for political reasons, most because of dismal economic prospects at home.

The key to military domination, beyond its willingness to use force, terror and torture, is its control over every private institution. No meeting can be held without prior notification of the authorities. Permission must be sought for family gatherings such as birthday parties. No organization—not the board of directors of a corporation, not women artisans in an isolated country district—can elect its own officers un-

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til the authorities approve the list of candidates. This mechanism, known as *el filtro* (the filter) insures that throughout the country leaders of all private organizations are those with no record of activities that concern the military.

In the public sector, all employees must be certified as to their "democratic faith," which, to the military, means lack of any previous political activity. A low grade means immediate dismissal; an intermediate grade leaves employees nervously aware that one wrong step can mean dismissal and economic ruin.

In economic policy, the military is fervently committed to the free-market model associated with the Chicago school and Milton Friedman. Whatever benefit of the doubt is conceded about the long-term impact of that model, its immediate impact is clear—it throws people out of work in pursuit of economic efficiency at the same time that it cuts the social services built up precisely to cushion economic blows. In Uruguay, that model clearly favors the large ranchers, the oligarchy which controls the principal source of the country's income. But, unfortunately, many other Uruguayans are superfluous to the model. The poor are left economically defenseless and, because imposition of the model has gone hand in hand with the most ruthless political repression, politically defenseless as well.

For the moment, the internal economy survives on a construction boom in Montevideo, and especially in the resort city of Punta del Este, which is fueled largely by Argentine investors avoiding taxes at home. Argentines also buy large quantities of Uruguayan leather and textile goods. They come across the Rio de la Plata on weekends to throng the stores and restaurants of downtown Montevideo, where prices are lower than those in Buenos Aires.

For seven years now, Uruguayans have suffered one political and social calamity after another. Some worry that the national fiber may be irreparably damaged. "We're losing our national identity," one middle-class professional said, "our sense of what it means to be Uruguayan. Out of fear, we've turned away from one another, even within families."

The military's response to Uruguay's crisis is *la cronograma*, a stretched-out timetable for return to civilian government. The *cronograma* starts ticking, according to the military plan, with a plebiscite November 30 on a new Constitution. After that, the two traditional parties, Blanco and Colorado, resume political activities aimed at elections in November 1981, when they will select a single (and military-approved) candidate for the presidency.

The U.S. State Department sees this schedule as a significant step back toward democracy, even though it would be at least 1986 before there is a possibility of a real election, and no guarantee it would be free. Many Uruguayans view the *cronograma* as a transparent mechanism for permanent military control. It has one virtue, however. By making unmistakably clear the military intention to continue running things indefinitely, the *cronograma* has spurred the first attempt at unity across a broad civilian front since 1973. Last April 22, the formation of the Grupo de Convergencia Democrática (Group of Democratic Convergence) was announced at a United Nations press conference. The experience of Nicaragua was cited frequently that day, not for the military victory over Anastasio Somoza—few Uruguayans visualize anything similar in their country—but rather for the example of a wide national consensus embracing different parties, ideologies and economic classes united in the conviction that a hated dictatorship must go. Members of the Grupo come from the major political currents in Uruguay and include professionals, businessmen, ranchers, academics, trade union representatives, clergy and artists. Their efforts, at this point, are devoted to attracting international support and elaborating a program acceptable to Uruguay's various political sectors that would be an alternative to the military's *cronograma*.

They face three major hurdles. One is the U.S. State Department's preference for the *cronograma*. Former Uruguay desk officer Tim Brown dismissed the Grupo as strictly an exile movement with no support within Uruguay. He said the United States favors the *cronograma* "as long as the trend line is favorable." Neither the current absolute ban on political activity nor the military guidelines for the new Constitution that permanently ban leftist and probably Christian Democratic parties and abolish an independent judiciary nor the June arrests of five politicians for suggesting they would urge a "no" vote in the plebiscite represented a serious dip in the "favorable trend line," in Brown's view.

A second hurdle, exemplified by those arrests, is how to present an opposition movement in a country so tightly controlled. In another wave of June arrests, forty-two Blanco Party members were picked up for gathering in a downtown Montevideo bar. The media that survive side with the Government and are strictly censored anyway. And the entire repressive apparatus continues to function. Fear of arrest and torture is still very real.

The final hurdle, the most difficult of all, is that of repairing the damage to Uruguay's democratic traditions and to the Uruguayan spirit. A rebirth of Uruguayan democracy will require not only a probing analysis of what caused the catastrophe but also the wisdom to heal the ravages of the years of terror. □

SYNFUELS FOLLIES

Coal—The Pall In the Panacea

HARRY M. CAUDILL

Four years ago, energy czar James Schlesinger proclaimed coal to be the nation's "black hope." Since then resentment of Arab and Iranian arrogance has mixed with good old U.S. jingoism to produce a fantastic "synfuels program." The United States Treasury will provide scores of billions of dollars for plants which the oil companies will build and operate. Out of this

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unholy wedlock of corporate profits and socialized losses will emerge gigantic new coal mines, colossal conversion plants and—if things go as planned—rivers of oil and huge flows of gas.

This new synthetic fuels industry will, we are told, restore the golden age of cheap and reliable fuels, end our dependence on foreign suppliers and make Uncle Sam proud and independent again, as in the days of Andy Jackson and William McKinley. According to the Administration, these stupendous undertakings will dwarf any previous effort this country has attempted. The synfuels program is based on two roseate premises: (*1*) coal reserves are "inexhaustible" and (*2*) human life can tolerate the consequences of burning much of the coal and converting the rest to liquid fuels and gas. The trouble is, both notions are preposterous.

The United States contains 30 percent or more of the world's known coal reserves in immense fields extending across Appalachia, the Middle West, the grazing lands of the Great Plains and the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Some of the western deposits are more than 200 feet thick. There may be a couple of trillion tons of it in all, but, like the nineteenth-century forests and buffalo herds, even these gigantic deposits are finite and exhaustible.

Coal men love to prattle about enough coal to last centuries and even millenniums "at current rates of consumption." This is misleading nonsense. As world oil supplies continue to shrink, the population of the world will be growing. Each new human, except the most isolated and primitive, will one day desire an elevated fuel-consuming living standard—including a car, refrigerator, television and a comfortable house. Television alone guarantees such rising expectations. In the "synfuels age" that theoretically will succeed the "petroleum age," the energy to realize these expectations will come from coal. More than a quarter of a billion Americans, plus multiplying billions in other countries, will compete in a global market for U.S. supplies. Out of all this will come an incredible coal boom and ever-increasing production.

"Current rates of consumption" will mean nothing in a synfuels age. If the liquid and gaseous fuels for the tens of millions of automobiles that will swarm about on the world's continents and the homes that will house their doting owners are to be forthcoming, coal production will have to expand inexorably decade after decade. The twin pressures of increasing numbers and rising expectations make this inescapable. To stop or slow coal production and the attendant flows of electricity, oil, gasoline and gas will spell economic shrinkage, depression, collapse and chaos. So production will have to soar. Five percent annual growth is too little to hope for. A 10 percent increase in demand is much more likely. The coal will have to come out of the ground, be shunted to power plants and liquefaction and gasification plants, have its stored energy extracted from it and the inert residues disposed of. This will require new railroads and the rebuilding of old ones, the hauling about of gargantuan volumes of coal, ashes, fly ash and sulfur. It will require the constant replacing of worn-out railroad ties and tracks, the policing of mountainous waste heaps, the taking of vast districts for these startling new purposes and the relocation of entire populations. The shift from oil to coal-oil will entail dirt, darkened skies, polluted streams, torn-up lands and, after all, fuels too expensive for most people to buy. It will be a short era, too. A couple of hours spent with a note pad and pen will dispel the myth of "coal inexhaustibility." Allowing for a production increase of 10 percent annually to meet the rising demand, the output will go from the present 700 million tons to more than 30 billion tons in forty years. When today's 21-year-olds reach 80, the coal will be gone. At a 5 percent annual rate of increase mining will end in little over a century.

Eastern Kentucky will produce more of the mineral in 1980 than any other coal field, an honor that will soon shift to the infinitely greater fields of Wyoming, Montana and the Dakotas. The 10,800-square-mile mineral region holds about 32 billion tons of coal—enough for a single year at the projected rate required in 2020. It has not been long since 1940, as any veteran of World War II can testify, and by the same token, 2020 will soon arrive. Our planners intend to see that it will be hopelessly soiled and cluttered.

The premise that coal is "inexhaustible," like, for example, U.S. oil reserves in 1900, collapses when one looks forward another twenty years to 2040. In that year coal production would have risen exponentially to about 80 billion tons, and twenty years later to more than 200 billion tons. These time frames seem long, but we must keep in mind that the oil age began only 121 years ago.

Matter and energy cannot be destroyed: they can only be altered in form. When coal is burned, gasified or liquefied, it is transformed into its component parts: water, carbon, sulfur and numerous minerals including arsenic, zinc, lead, mercury, antimony, copper, manganese, magnesium, gold and beryllium. These substances can be dispersed in fine layers that filter down over vast distances as dust and "acid rain," or they can be captured by incredibly complex devices and piled up in huge mountains or buried in deep pits.

Towering smokestacks can accomplish the first option. The result will be a nationwide Ohio Valley, where stack wastes make sniffling and sneezing, filmed-over windows, dying trees and increasingly acid soils commonplace. The second option will be little better. Each power plant or synfuels refinery will need a couple of thousand acres of farm land on which to store the coal residues.

The dust catchers will be awesome in their complexity. The "baghouse" in the Tennessee Valley Authority's plant at Paducah, Kentucky, contains 34,400 fabric bags, each thirty-five feet long. This staggeringly immense vacuum cleaner traps the dust while a "scrubber" lays hold on the sulfur. The dust and sulfur go merrily away to the "disposal

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site." These things may work continuously and long, but anyone who has tried to keep a lawn mower in operation has a right to be skeptical. The cost of such devices at a single plant is a mere $1.5 billion in today's depreciating money.

Nor will these residues stay put. In the language of engineers, they will "migrate," as does mud from strip mines, leaching into streams and blowing and washing onto adjacent and downstream lands. These deadly substances—whether concentrated or dispersed—will blacken and degrade the planet and make cancer as commonplace as reddened eyes are today. In short, this grandiose scheme would quite unavoidably return Earth to the condition it was in during the carboniferous era before the forests of antiquity locked the carbon and other substances up in the coal beds. Pandora is surely wringing her hands over our stupidity.

The synfuels road is one the world cannot afford to travel. Try to imagine China in 2040 as prosperous as Japan is today, its 200 million automobiles scurrying about on gasoline from coal! Add to this about 800 million Latin Americans equally peripatetic on fuels gotten the same way. Then the Southeast Asians, the Africans, the Islanders, all happily driving about. To sustain such a future would require thousands of synfuels plants, thousands of coal-carrying superships, millions of coal miners. This supercolossal muddle would use so much of the energy it would create and transport that the "world car" owners would have to park because none would be left for them.

This looming nightmare is brought to us by the same people who, a mere thirty years ago, prophesied that (in the 1980s) nuclear power would be so abundant it would be "too cheap to meter." Their misbegotten vision crashed about their heads, and the new dream of a synfuels world is equally myopic. If pursued, it can cause incredible damage, but can never work.

If we have an ounce of common sense left to us we will stop the synfuels movement now. If we don't stop it we should at least understand its realities so that our nightmare future will not take us by surprise. If this is what we plan to impose on our descendants we should forewarn them about what lies in wait when today's first graders reach 50. □

BRIBERY ABROAD

The High Cost Of Baksheesh

LYNN CHADWICK and
WILLIAM A. DOBROVIR

Ronald Reagan might look to the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Department of Justice for a model of how to go about freeing American business from inhibiting regulations. The two agencies created a safe haven for U.S. companies that engage—or want to engage—in bribery of foreign government officials to obtain favorable contracts. Last November, Assistant Attorney General (Criminal Division) Philip Heymann announced a procedure almost unique in U.S. law. Prospective bribers can come into the Justice Department and get an opinion from the department on whether or not it will prosecute them under the Foreign Corrupt Practices Act of 1977. The department provides an answer within sixty days—and complete discretion: Justice will oppose disclosure under the Freedom of Information Act of "sensitive" information regarding overseas bribes.

Assistant Attorney General Heymann also announced that Justice will put a "low priority" on prosecuting cases in which a U.S. company paid a bribe in competition with foreign bribes, if no other American company was competing for the business. For its part, the S.E.C. has proposed rules to give confidential treatment to corporations that file requests for exemption from the antibribe statute. The S.E.C.'s new rules would have the effect of legislating a new exemption into the Freedom of Information Act.

The new policy was a response to the outcry within the business community against the Foreign Corrupt Practices Act. Businessmen have long complained that U.S. firms can't compete abroad without being able to bribe. Bribery, they say, is "a way of doing business" in Africa, Latin America or other underdeveloped countries. But by that logic the exemption should apply at home too, for business bribery is as American as Fourth of July parades. For instance, the Conference Board, a business-funded information group, recently reported, "A large foreign-owned grain trading company was accused of bribing government grain inspectors in the port of New Orleans. The foreign company was, according to the press, only following the local practice adhered to by domestic U.S. companies in the same business." In the aftermath of the Watergate investigation of illegal corporate payments to Nixon's election fund, hundreds of American corporations revealed elaborate systems for under-the-table payments to politicians and government officials in the United States and abroad. In December 1977, Congress passed the Foreign Corrupt Practices Act, making such practices unlawful abroad as well as at home.

Both the corporations that have willingly paid bribes and supporters of the Foreign Corrupt Practices Act, such as Senator William Proxmire, agree that bribery perverts the free-enterprise system. When contracts are awarded in return for bribes, the manufacturer has no motivation to provide a better product, just a fatter bribe. The consumer pays the cost of the bribe in higher prices and shoddy goods. Bribery adds to economic hardships in developing countries and corrupts their officials.

At issue is whether or not payments made under the table

This article is drawn from a soon-to-be issued comprehensive study of corporate bribery and political payments, supported by the Fund for Constitutional Government, a Washington-based foundation. Lynn Chadwick is a writer and William A. Dobrovir is a public-interest attorney. Both work in Washington, D.C.

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are necessary for U.S. business to maintain a competitive position in foreign markets. A corollary issue is whether it is worth the United States' international reputation to condone bribery—an issue not unrelated to the plight of the American hostages in Iran, who are objects of Iranian revulsion against bribery (among other things) during the Shah's reign.

In its January 8 issue *The Wall Street Journal* reflected the prevailing ambivalence about bribery. A front-page story told how tough enforcement by Singapore's Corrupt Practices Investigation Bureau had curtailed graft in that country. The success of the crackdown was confirmed by the American Embassy and a representative from the Hughes Tool Company, which had just built a factory there. Yet another article in the same issue reported on efforts of Senator Lloyd Bentsen, chairman of the Joint Economic Committee, to ease the antibribery laws in order to improve the competitive position of U.S. companies abroad.

The Carter Administration has similarly had trouble making up its mind whether it is for or against bribery. A recent White House study by the Export Disincentive Task Force complained that the Foreign Corrupt Practices Act has cost the United States $1 billion in exports. A wave of pro-bribery sentiment in the press echoes the White House. James North wrote in the liberal *Washington Monthly* that "bribery is plainly wrong. . . . It's fine, and proper, to outlaw bribery where we can make the rules apply to all players, as we can in this country. But overseas that is clearly not the case—we don't control the game and we don't control the players." *Newsweek* reports, "Many businessmen say the only companies that can avoid losing business to bribing competitors are those with products or services that nobody else can provide. 'Meanwhile,' says Ingersoll Rand chairman William L. Wearly, 'our European and Eastern competitors are laughing all the way to the bank.' "

Yet the financial reports of companies complaining loudest about being hurt by the act show that their profits have continued to rise after its passage. In an August 1979 *Wall Street Journal* article, a spokesman for several U.S. companies claimed that their West German, Japanese and other foreign competitors, unencumbered by similar laws, can bribe their way to higher sales. (In at least one case, the bribes backfired. In 1979, a Belgian firm, Eurosystem Hospitalier, went bankrupt paying an estimated $282 million bribe for a $1.2 billion Saudi Arabian hospital project.) Among the companies named in the August *Wall Street Journal* article are Joy Manufacturing Inc., Dresser Industries Inc., Cincinnati Milacron, the Chicago Bridge and Iron Company, the Marley Company and Midland-Ross. In every case, the companies' annual reports show profits sufficient to belie their claims that they lost money.

Consider Joy Manufacturing, which makes mining systems, industrial machinery, ore processing and petroleum equipment and air pollution controls and is number 323 on the *Fortune* 500 list. Joy claimed it lost a Mexican contract to a Swedish competitor because a bribe was expected. Yet in an October 1976 report to the S.E.C. confessing to bribes and questionable payments of $303,495.66 to $353,495.66 from September 1970 through August 1976, Joy stated: "These payments represent the isolated and scattered actions of individuals who in all cases believed they were acting in the best interests of the company." The company added, "The payments described above are not material with respect to the amount of revenue, net income and assets to which they relate or the amount of business done in the countries in which the transactions took place; and the cessation of such payments will have a minimal effect on the consolidated revenues, net income, assets and business of the company."

Business has indeed been good for Joy. Its sales and services to unaffiliated customers have more than doubled, from $328 million in 1973 to $715 million in 1978. Joy has announced that "the fiscal year ended September 29, 1978, was the sixtieth year of consecutive sales growth." Joy's 1978 net income was down by $9 million from 1977—but not because of failure to bribe. According to management,

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the reduction was due to three long strikes and "severe winter problems" in the United States. Joy did complain of "weak market demand" overseas. If this was a euphemism for "no bribes, no business," Joy disguised it pretty well.

Joy is not alone. Dresser (number ninety-five on *Fortune*'s list) produces equipment for energy processing and conversion, refractories and mineral products. It is a growing, profitable company. Revenues nearly tripled over the last six years from $1 billion in 1973 to $3 billion in 1978. A 1976 Dresser inquiry turned up a total of $230,000 in isolated "grease" payments in five foreign countries. These payments facilitated customs clearances, helped get contracts awarded and settled tax difficulties. None of these payments were recorded as bribes. Nor would they necessarily be considered violations of the Foreign Corrupt Practices Act. Management denied "that there would be any impact on [Dresser's] consolidated assets, sales or net earnings" if it stopped doing it.

Cincinnati Milacron is the leading U.S. producer of machine tools. Even though president James A. D. Giver claims that the company has lost foreign business because it cannot pay legitimate sales commissions, sales have risen steadily over the period before and after the corrupt practices act, with the exception of 1976—before the act was passed. In 1974, sales were $452,785,000 and in 1978 sales reached $633,724,000, the highest in the company's history. A 1977 report revealed that in five earlier years the company had spent $5.2 million for commercial bribes. The report added that stopping such payments would not "have a material adverse effect on the consolidated financial position or results of operations of Milacron."

A manufacturer of steel plate structures, and number 471 on the *Fortune* listing, Chicago Bridge and Iron Company (C.B.I.) claims to have lost "in excess of $100 million of sales over the last three years." William Freeman, senior vice president for finance, asserted to *The Wall Street Journal* that he believed the losses resulted from situations "where we think the element of bribery was at least present." C.B.I. has never reported that it has paid bribes.

When C.B.I.'s net income dropped in 1978, shareholders were told that the principal factors lowering earnings were charge-off provisions, an Iranian loan, a plant closing in Alabama, excess overhead and continuing operating difficulties in Italy. Nowhere in the annual report was there mention of the contracts lost for lack of bribes. In 1977, shareholders were forewarned to expect lower earnings in 1978 "because of the low level of new business taken in 1975 and 1976"—i.e., before the Foreign Corrupt Practices Act.

The examples could be multiplied, but the short of it is the White House's figure of $1 billion in lost exports due to the inability to bribe remains undocumented. The companies' claims of losing money just are not borne out.

There are reasons to doubt that bribery helps business. The S.E.C. says that "we have not found in our review that bribery is a necessary or material factor to the success of American business. Indeed, we find in every industry where bribes have been revealed that companies of equal size are proclaiming that they see no need to engage in such practices." Bribery has costs—to the international reputation of the United States. Milton Gwirtzman put the issue well in *The New York Times Magazine*: "A foreign policy that at one stroke can justify bribes, the purchase of influence, the overthrow of governments and the assassinations of foreign leaders subverts not just the free-enterprise system but all our national ideals. . . . If American policy results in more revolutions [due to corruption and bribery], not only will U.S. influence be destroyed but trade will cease and the assets of American firms will be expropriated. Thus, even by the test of the most singleminded corporate manager, bribery is ultimately bad for business."

The S.E.C. has at least tried to address the problem of bribery. But it hasn't gone far enough. The commission has allowed companies to accept consent decrees neither denying nor assuming guilt. Their punishment has consisted of a promise not to do it again and an investigation by the company's own, hardly disinterested board. The public is entitled at least to an investigation by the S.E.C., which is paid by the public.

The Federal Communications Commission recently became involved in the bribery debate when it denied broadcasting licenses to RKO General because it was a subsidiary of General Tire, which has admitted to making questionable payments. This action is probably the most significant punishment suffered by a company because of bribes.

Companies cannot have it both, or all, ways. They give their stockholders plausible business reasons for declining profits. If they are caught bribing, they claim that the bribes and their effects are immaterial. Finally, they say that millions of dollars have been lost while their business has been growing as usual. Why can't they keep their stories straight? The evidence is overwhelming that American corporations have been crying wolf on the bribery statute; as the profits show, there is no wolf at the door.

The Foreign Corrupt Practices Act won't stop all foreign bribery. It may stop U.S. companies from out-bribing one another for foreign contracts. Until every country outlaws bribery, and enforces it, internally and externally, there will be payoffs. Let the United States be the first. We can use some polish on our international image. □

Bonanza

(Continued From Front Cover)

Now biology has entered the marketplace. Scientists have learned to make living cells do their bidding and spew out products of tremendous commercial potential. Bacteria have been designed, through laboratory tinkering, to produce hormones, the ingredients of gasohol and lubricants useful in oil extraction. Mouse cells have been taught to make very pure antibodies that may find a range of uses, from diagnosing hepatitis to treating leukemia. Living, breeding cells, appropriately enough, have become the foundation of a growth industry.

The new "biotechnology" has already captured the

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public eye, though no product has yet hit the market. The newspapers have been flooded with stories promising biological miracles, thus giving readers a one-sided view of the new technology. At the same time, scientists have found it difficult to balance the often contradictory roles of researcher and entrepreneur. Visions of million-dollar discoveries have made many biologists secretive and intensely competitive, and scientific communication has begun to break down.

Last June, the Supreme Court granted General Electric the right to patent a genetically engineered bacterium—a "bug" that can consume oil spills. The ruling was welcomed by the directors of several growing research companies that have sprung up to develop genetic technologies. Genentech Inc., a leading genetic engineering firm whose stock recently shot up from $35 a share to $88 in a single day, proclaimed: "The Court has assured this country's technology future." On the other side, the radical People's Business Commission saw the ruling as the first dangerous step to genetic tinkering with human beings. "The Brave New World that Aldous Huxley warned of is now here," said the commission. Similarly, the general secretaries of the National Council of Churches, the United States Catholic Conference and the Synagogue Council of America issued a joint statement warning of "a new era of fundamental danger triggered by the rapid growth of genetic engineering." "Given all the responsibility to God and to our fellow human beings," they asked, "do we have the right to let experimentation and ownership of new life forms move ahead without public regulation?"

The patent ruling did not really mean that much to the genetic engineering businesses; they were prepared to protect their inventions through trade secrecy if the Supreme Court declared they were not patentable. The parties with the greatest interest in the Supreme Court ruling are the universities—especially Stanford and the University of California, San Francisco—and the scientists who work for them.

Patent Absurdity?

The new biotechnology is based primarily on the technique of recombinant DNA, commonly called "gene-splicing," which enables scientists to "recombine" human, plant and animal genes—coded on molecules of DNA—with genes from bacteria. In the early 1970s, Stanford geneticist Stanley Cohen, U.C.S.F. biochemist Herb Boyer, and their co-workers were the first to publish these methods. Based on these early papers, the two universities are staking out the most grandiose patent claim in the gene-splicing field: they are trying to secure rights to all *products* manufactured through recombinant DNA techniques, as well as the methods themselves. The Supreme Court decision, which involved bacteria that had been altered by simpler means than recombinant DNA, opened the way for the claim that Stanford and U.C.S.F. filed in 1974.

One Stanford biochemist privately holds that "the patent as it was written is so broad as to be ludicrous," and the courts may well agree. But whether or not the universities can make good their claim, the very attempt to patent this sweeping discovery has already had repercussions in labs around the country. Patents, which are commonplace in fields like chemistry and electronics, have been alien to academic biology. Cohen himself never thought of patenting his techniques. The application was filed only because Stanford's patent officer saw an article about recombinant DNA in *The New York Times* and convinced Cohen to apply for a patent a mere week before the filing deadline. Even though Cohen and Boyer waived their own right to royalties from the invention, many of their colleagues saw the patent application as an unseemly attempt to profit from academic work: the pursuit of knowledge leading to the pursuit of a buck.

Biological discoveries have become bankable property. But who owns this valuable scientific knowledge? Cohen himself has characterized the development of recombinant DNA techniques as "the result of multiple discoveries carried out by many individuals over a period of time." Some of those individuals, however, are not willing to grant Cohen and Boyer full credit for the invention of recombinant DNA techniques. The most vocal protest has come from Robert Helling, a biologist at the University of Michigan, who came to California on sabbatical to work with Boyer. Helling co-authored the paper on which the patent application is based, and has refused to disclaim his role in the discovery, as Stanford's patent attorney has asked him to. The refusal is based on principle, not economics. "I can't imagine that I would ever get any money" from the patent, says Helling. "I just am not going to sign some paper saying something that's not true."

Beyond that, Helling, like many others, believes that no university should be able to claim the rights to a technology as extensive as recombinant DNA. "It's very funny to think that Stanford and the University of California, which are two of the wealthiest universities in the country, are so cheap that they're trying to claim the patent rights to an entire field . . . patenting the entire basis for one of the most important areas in science now," he says. In Helling's opinion, "it isn't appropriate."

Helling's work with the Stanford and U.C.S.F. teams was in the classic tradition of scientific collaboration. But with increasing pressure to patent, researchers will hesitate to publish until their patent claims are secure. Two months before the Supreme Court decision, Stanford biochemist Paul Berg—generally considered one of the most thoughtful men in the recombinant DNA field—reflected on the changes that the pressure to patent will bring. He told the story of a British colleague at the Medical Research Council (M.R.C.) who had claimed for a year and a half to have developed an experimental system that was "far superior" to other methods of gene-splicing. "He couldn't talk about it, and he couldn't send it around," said Berg, "because the

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M.R.C. was applying for a patent." Berg's prediction: "If you put an inducement on patents, you will very definitely get people to clam up."

Cloning Money

Even before patents became an issue, the commercialization of biology had begun to put a chill on scientific collaboration. Starting in the mid-1970s, some biologists became consultants to industry, while others started their own gene-splicing companies. Recombinant DNA labs produced a hybrid as strange as insulin-producing bacteria: the biologist-turned-businessman. The new breed of biologists know that their discoveries may be worth money as well as professional recognition, and scientific competition, normally brisk, has run wild as a result. [See Tabitha Powledge, "Who Owns Life?" *The Nation*, October 13, 1979.]

Colleagues at some universities have found themselves on opposite sides of the corporate fence and have taken to hiding their experimental protocols in locked drawers. "Let's say you have one department with three people, each a member of a different company. What does that do to communication within the department?" asks Berg. "It's war." Graduate students, for their part, often grumble about doing the hard laboratory work while their mentors are off "cloning money." Many bright young scientists are starting to leave the universities to work for industry—often in direct competition with their former colleagues on campus.

Most of the new recombinant DNA companies were started by alliances of university researchers and venture-capital firms. U.C.S.F. biochemist Boyer founded Genentech, a University of Michigan biologist started Genex and other academic researchers have begun more recombinant DNA companies with equally futuristic names and plans. The process, as one observer describes it, is simple: "Get together a consortium of five or six scientists, split the company between the scientists and the people who put in the money, and those scientists will do the work in their university labs." The arrangement is convenient, but it raises a major question: Many of these scientists have used university resources—which the public has paid for through Federal funding—to do work that could net them a personal fortune. Boyer, for example, owns stock in Genentech that is now worth around $50 million.

Such dubious arrangements are not unique to recombinant DNA research. Academic biologists in other areas are helping found small but growing companies. A new method for manipulating mouse cells to produce super-pure antibodies, called "monoclonal" antibodies, is proving eminently marketable. These antibodies may be used to diagnose many kinds of illnesses, produce vaccines and even treat some forms of leukemia.

Like gene-splicing, this biotechnology is being developed largely by academic scientists who have entered the commercial sphere. Immunologists from Philadelphia's Wistar Institute play key roles in the monoclonal-antibody company Centocor. And Hybritech, a company started by the same venture-capital firm that started Genentech, has used the expertise of scientists from the University of California at San Diego. Boston Biomedical Consultants has estimated that the market for monoclonals will pass the half-billion-dollar mark within seven years, providing a substantial lure for academics in the field. Henry Weinert, a member of that consulting firm, told the journal *Science* that "Most experienced university-based investigators are almost to a person either directly or indirectly involved in commercial [monoclonal antibody] ventures."

The Interferon Story

Business and science, however, have traditionally been two very different games, with almost opposite sets of rules. A scientist, for example, is not supposed to announce his work to the public until it has been published in a respected professional journal, or at least presented at a formal scientific meeting. This procedure sets uniform standards for establishing scientific priority. What's more, it helps protect the public from being misled by premature, or downright erroneous, reports of "breakthroughs." In business, on the other hand, you may have to grab for headlines as soon as you can get away with it, or risk losing valuable publicity. As an increasing number of biologists have started their own gene-splicing companies—and have attracted funding from corporations as large as Standard Oil and Eli Lilly—corporate rules have won out. The result has not been good for either science or the public.

Take the case of interferon. On January 16, Harvard biologist Walter Gilbert called the press to a Boston hotel to make a dramatic announcement. The shaggy-haired scientist has an international reputation—he and Berg recently shared a Nobel Prize for their DNA work—and the reporters were an attentive audience. Gilbert told them that

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bacteria had been "taught" to produce interferon, a human hormone being tested as an experimental treatment for viral infections and cancer. The success came from the Zurich laboratory of Charles Weissman, who belongs to Biogen S.A., a recombinant DNA firm that Gilbert helped found. Many researchers had been in a race to make interferon and Biogen declared itself the winner. "We did better," Gilbert told the press, "because we ran faster."

The race, it later seemed, might have been rigged. The press conference was held some two months before the work was published and months *after* Japanese scientists had published a similar experiment (which Gilbert and Weissman failed to mention). Further, the Biogen scientists may not have produced interferon itself but a closely related compound that could prove less active, and they only produced it in minute amounts. At best, the process Biogen published would require hundreds of liters of bacterial culture to produce enough interferon to treat a single cancer patient for a single day. Nonetheless, the national news media reported the birth of a potential wonder drug. The excitement ignited by Biogen was soon fueled when the American Cancer Society announced that it was adding more than $3 million to its interferon research program. Interferon appeared on the cover of *Time*, presumably making it the Drug of the Year.

Investors read the papers. The day after the press conference, Schering-Plough, a part owner of Biogen, jumped ahead on the stock market. In the following weeks, major drug companies scrambled to grab a part of the interferon market and to tell the world—and their stockholders—that they had a piece of the action.

The public also responded to the hype, clamoring for interferon, even though the drug was still very experimental and its usefulness uncertain. Mothers of children with leukemia began to contact interferon researchers and beg for the hormone as their last hope. Frank Rauscher, vice president of the American Cancer Society, called the urgent pleas for interferon his "continuing nightmare." Predictably, an industrial concern, in this case a Florida company called Life Sciences, stepped forward to meet the demand—at a stiff price. By selling the drug only within the state's borders, the company sidestepped the Food and Drug Administration's regulations regarding experimental drugs. Interferon, it seemed, was in danger of becoming the biggest cancer-treatment fad since Laetrile.

By summer, medical leaders were actively trying to stem the tide of interferon publicity. In late May, clinicians at the San Diego meeting of the American Association for Cancer Research learned of several studies that found interferon only marginally effective—and, for some cancers, notably *less* effective than conventional drugs. Soon after that meeting, the American Society of Clinical Oncology issued a formal public warning: "There is no evidence or even remote suggestion yet to indicate interferon may cure advanced cancer," and "no acceptable evidence" that it can extend patients' lives, "regardless of the type or stage" of cancer they have.

A half-year of interferon buildup, set in motion by the Biogen announcement, came to an end—but not before Biogen lost its claim to a headstart in the race for this tarnished prize. In June, Genentech announced that it had produced interferon by a process thousands of times more efficient than Biogen's, and had joined with the drug house of Hoffmann-La Roche to produce and test the compound.

Recently, Hoffmann-La Roche's claim to interferon was also challenged—not by another drug company but by the University of California. Some of the cells Genentech used to make interferon came originally from the lab of a U.C.L.A. biologist, David Golde. Golde had distributed the cells to colleagues in a spirit of scientific exchange and the cells eventually ended up in the Hoffmann-La Roche laboratories. Golde now claims that he never intended his cells to be used commercially and the university has charged Hoffmann-La Roche with "unauthorized use" of this valuable material.

The irony of interferon's rise and fall is that it all could have been avoided if the hormone's potential had been viewed more objectively at the start. In an interview shortly after the Biogen announcement, Stanford immunologist Thomas Merigan, who has worked with interferon since the 1960s, stressed that it would not be a cure-all. Interferon, he predicted, "will end up finding certain very specific niches in clinical medicine; it'll be used at certain stages in certain diseases." But Merigan felt that the slow, careful research needed to find interferon's "niche" would be hard to do in the prevailing climate of excitement and impatience. "The more money people invest, and the more it becomes a board-of-directors decision, the more [investors] want people to reassure them that they'll have results quickly," he said.

The Corporate Connection

Unfortunately, the confusion of commercial and scientific interest is beginning to spread throughout academic biology departments. Rather than censuring the entrepreneurs on the faculty, the heads of many of these departments are beginning to follow their example. With the recession underway, the Federal funding that has traditionally supported basic research has become unreliable. Increasingly, research-oriented universities and medical schools are turning to industry to plug the leaks.

Several liaisons have already been formed, and more are in the offing. Monsanto has funded a multimillion-dollar drug research project at Harvard Medical School, Yale has leased on-campus laboratory space to Miles Laboratories, and Stanford's School of Medicine is planning to establish

COMING UP IN THE NATION

Gar Alperovitz and Jeff Faux, "Hard-Core Inflation: The Case for Wage-Price Controls"

Christopher Hitchens, "Eurofascism"

Leo P. Ribuffo, "Liberal Hypocrisy: The Fundamentalist 'Menace' "

Ray Bonner, "Bolivia and the Banks"

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an ambitious collaborative research program with industry. [See David F. Noble and Nancy E. Pfund, "Business Goes Back to College," *The Nation*, September 20.] The largest private supporter of biomedical research is probably the Howard Hughes Medical Institute, which funds research at a dozen medical schools. The institute has insisted that the universities it funds set up special Hughes laboratories and consider its researchers to be Hughes employees. These special enclaves, housing an elite corps of Hughes investigators, have caused considerable tension on some campuses.

There is an obvious danger that university research will be tailored to the demands of the industries that fund it. This has become a major source of concern at the Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory, a nonprofit educational and research institution on Long Island, New York. Cold Spring Harbor, staffed by some of the brightest biologists in the country, is a frequent gathering place for wayward Nobel laureates and others who work and give seminars in an academic atmosphere. Recently, they have been approached with offers of venture capital by General Electric, International Nickel and other firms. To some, the industrial interest seemed a godsend; the institution was expecting a drop in Federal funds. But now researchers at Cold Spring Harbor wonder if they can take the money and still maintain their intellectual independence. "Once you decide to open up to commercial interests, you change the institution in some subtle way—and it's irreversible," says William Udry, the administrative director of the laboratory.

Academic biologists, who have traditionally defended the purity of their research, can no longer claim to be white-coated keepers of objective truth. Like the institutions they work for, they have clear economic interests to protect. This conflict of interest may also have clouded one of the most important issues surrounding biotechnology: is it safe?

A Question of Safety

Only a few years ago, many scientists were not at all sure that combining the genes of different organisms was such a good idea. The concern about the potential hazards of the new technique was so great in 1975 that the scientific community voluntarily called a halt to certain experiments until the National Institutes of Health (N.I.H.) had a chance to establish strict safety guidelines for the work. The scientists congratulated themselves on their restraint—until the public got into the act. Soon, Alfred Velucci, then the Mayor of Cambridge, Massachusetts, was warning against "Frankenstein monsters" that might be produced in the labs of Harvard and M.I.T. Cities from Ann Arbor, Michigan, to San Diego considered community regulations on the research. The biologists learned a bitter lesson: when they faced the public again, they would tell a very different story indeed. And so the headlines now proclaim that gene-splicing will not produce monsters but miracle drugs.

Ironically, though, the recent wave of ballyhooed drug applications raises a whole new class of safety questions. Precautions that were suitable for the research setting may have no relevance at all to large-scale commercial production. For example, in recombinant DNA experiments, scientists have used small batches of the bacterium *E. coli*—an inhabitant of the human gut—that have been specially weakened so they cannot spread beyond the lab. But M.I.T. biologist Jonathan King, an outspoken critic of recombinant DNA policy making, points out that "moving into industrial production involves fermenters containing 10,000 gallons of *E. coli* producing human insulin or other protein. Ten thousand gallons of *E. coli* has never existed before on earth. The scale and concentration of material per se, even if it wasn't secreting human insulin, would require concern about its disposal, its leakage into the environment and its breakdown."

And the risks don't necessarily stop with *E. coli*. According to King, "Production in the commercial sphere will likely entail the use of other bacteria, such as *Pseudomonas*, an important agent in wound infections." He adds that some manufacturers may want to use new combinations of viruses to carry genes into cells, even though the safety of these procedures is still uncertain.

Safety will be an issue at another stage of the drug production process: purification. As manufacturers take recombinant DNA products out of the test tube and into human use, they will have to be sure that patients are receiving pure human hormones that are not contaminated with unwanted bacterial garbage. The problem is a tricky one, since most recombinant DNA techniques produce a "fused" protein, half of it the desired hormone and the other half a natural product of bacteria. Bacterial proteins, if they are accidentally injected into people, may be toxic indeed.

The safety precautions now practiced in recombinant DNA labs thus could be woefully inadequate in the genetic factories of the future. But in spite of the uncertain risks and to the delight of many experimenters, the N.I.H Recombinant DNA Advisory Committee, or R.A.C., has made the safety guidelines less and less stringent over the past few years.

Although the N.I.H. guidelines are only binding on researchers who are Federally funded, industrial representatives have flocked to the R.A.C.'s quarterly meetings, because approval from this group has great public relations value. To date, they have had little trouble in using the committee to their advantage. Last March, for example, Genentech chose the R.A.C. meeting to announce its production of two new hormones—and passed out a press release for science reporters, who attend the meetings regularly. At the same time, the company obtained special permission to manufacture hormones in 750-liter batches, far in excess of the standard N.I.H. limit of ten liters per batch. In contrast, the committee has been far less accommodating to critics of industry. One of those critics, Sheldon Krimsky, an R.A.C. member and professor of urban and environmental policy at Tufts, urged that the health and safety director of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Union be placed on the agenda of speakers, since members of this union may be the first to be affected by any dangers in the new technology. "I met with active obstructionism,"

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says Krimsky, "and was finally told it could not be arranged."

The R.A.C. has other dissidents within. More critical members, for example, such as Harvard microbiologist Richard Goldstein, charge conflict of interest. Goldstein is incensed that R.A.C. members with clear industrial ties can present themselves as pure, unbiased academic scientists. For example, he says, M.I.T. biochemist David Baltimore, a prominent member of the committee, "doesn't have to announce, nor has he, that he consults regularly on matters of recombinant DNA for Collaborative Genetics Inc. The lay members of the R.A.C., not to mention the public, see him only as another irreproachable Nobel laureate. . . . It affects every vote we take." Baltimore, for his part, says that he's talked openly about his affiliation to anyone who asked. But last year, when Goldstein introduced a motion to make R.A.C. members' affiliations publicly available, it was voted down.

Critical Immunity

Perhaps the most disturbing aspect of the current recombinant DNA outlook is the increasing tendency to answer safety questions by rhetoric rather than experimental evidence. The trend was clear at an April gathering of scientists convened by the Government's infectious disease agency, the National Institute of Allergies and Infectious Disease (N.I.A.I.D.). On the spacious grounds of the Huntington-Sheraton Hotel in San Marino, a swank Los Angeles suburb, a veritable brotherhood of optimism was joined. Close to 100 experts had been brought there to consider if genetically engineered bacteria could cause disease by colonizing the human gut, or by triggering an "autoimmune" response in which the body's immune system starts attacking its own tissues.

The N.I.A.I.D. had set the agenda clearly and with the best intentions. But many participants—both academics and corporate representatives—arrived having apparently decided that there was nothing to talk about. Philip Paterson, an immunologist at Northwestern University who chaired one of the workshops, begged the whole question of autoimmune disease; he was "confident," he said, that "three million years of evolution and development" had prepared the human body to deal with any of the products of gene-splicing. In an effort to rustle up some old-time scientific curiosity, Jonathan King proposed several experiments that might shed some light on this problem. One senior immunologist responded by saying that he would indeed be interested if such experiments revealed an autoimmune hazard—"the same way I'd be interested if someone changed a mouse into an elephant."

Several conference participants finally agreed that experiments like King's would be worth doing in principle, but fell short of proposing them formally in their risk-assessment plan. One immunologist who supported King's proposal explained the group's hesitancy to endorse the experiments. "I think there's a fear that they will only generate more experiments, more cost, and possibly slow down the pace of the research itself. At this stage of the game, that's just not what people want."

The researchers' impatience is understandable. Recombinant DNA technology had a difficult birth, faced by unexpected public opposition. Now the public has been convinced that gene-splicing is the biggest medical breakthrough since penicillin, and few scientists want to raise the bogy of safety again. If no one bursts the bubble, the biologists can work peacefully on problems that fascinate them, and that may excite industry as well. It's a little disturbing, though, to see expediency taking precedence over the scientific method and, perhaps, over public interest.

Misguided "Miracles"

None of these considerations seem to have bothered investors. When Genentech went public in October, it was greeted on Wall Street, in the words of one newspaper, as "the most spectacular new stock offering in at least a decade." The stock began at $35 a share and soared as high as $88 on the first day of trading. Incredibly, the company had not put a single product on the market; the excitement was based solely on its imagined future promise. Biotechnology has taken off, headed for microscopic miracles and stratospheric profits. Swept away in the dizzying tailwind of genetic prophecies, few researchers are pausing to consider how much we really need the products of gene-splicing or to what purposes they should be put.

From the early days of recombinant DNA, one of the most obvious applications—and one that got the most publicity—was the possibility of manufacturing human insulin in bacteria. In July, Eli Lilly announced that the company would spend $40 million to build plants where the human hormone will be produced by *E. coli*. Human insulin will be a boon to those diabetics who are allergic to cattle and pig insulin—a small fraction of the total—but may not really help anyone else. Insulin is already cheap and readily available; the $40 million investment, if anything, is likely to drive up its price. Other bacterially produced hormones, like interferon, do not yet have proven clinical uses. And still others may be applied to strange ends. Some researchers have suggested that the growth hormone could be used to make cattle grow faster, a suggestion that seems rather bizarre, given the problems that have already arisen from the use of carcinogenic hormones in meat production.

Some genetic engineering schemes offer dubious high-technology solutions to problems caused by technology in the first place. The message conveyed by "bugs" that eat up oil spills and bacteria that break down the herbicide 2,4-D is that we need not worry about spilled oil or toxic chemicals because biotechnology can fix these problems for us. But it is all too easy for this year's miracle fix to become next year's headache.

Recombinant DNA, like other new biological technologies, is likely to produce some very useful products, but it is not yet clear what they are. The new techniques have sparked a gold rush, and researchers have staked their claims to all sorts of new discoveries without worrying overly about their future value. The next few years will show whether all that now glitters is really gold. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Power and Authority

ELIZABETH FOX-GENOVESE

AUTHORITY. *By Richard Sennett. Alfred A. Knopf. 206 pp. $10.*

POWERS OF THE WEAK. *By Elizabeth Janeway. Alfred A. Knopf. 350 pp. $13.95.*

In a variety of ways, and on a variety of levels, there is abroad in our society a general sense that the power to govern—invested in the establishment and in formal political institutions, not to mention that endangered species, the paterfamilias—is disquietingly divorced from the mainsprings and aspirations of national life. By and large, however, discouragement and disgust have failed to coalesce into a clear opposition or even a reasonably plausible alternative vision or strategy. And the sorry spectacle of the recent election confirms, if confirmation were necessary, the malaise addressed by Richard Sennett in *Authority* and by Elizabeth Janeway in *Powers of the Weak*.

In only 200 pages, Sennett provides the first essay in a projected four-volume exploration of the "emotional bonds of modern society." His treatment has the inestimable merit of taking authority seriously and of groping for a legitimate foundation for authority in a confusing and changing world. He is surely at his best in reclaiming for adults the right to dependency, with its attendant right to occasional fear and weakness. In his refreshing analysis of "dependent disobedience," he invites us to understand that rebellion against authority is determined by the structures and norms of authority itself: in adolescent rebellion lies more affirmation of prevailing authority than mature questioning of its basis, claims and responsibilities. He wisely understands that disillusionment with an overbearing authority figure can result in the rejection of all legitimate authority. He is interesting when proposing that temporary ruptures in the chain of command are a means of questioning and then voluntarily—maturely—reaffirming authority. Sennett shows uncommon generosity and a preoccupation with the large questions of human life in a properly ordered society. Immersed in the great sociological tradition, conversant with psychoanalytic theory, broadly read in European letters and attuned to contemporary philosophical and epistemological problems, Sennett brings to his task a rare intellectual range.

The importance of Sennett's question and his own fine credentials make it essential that we understand the difficulty he has in delivering fully on his intentions. The reader is left less with a coherent analysis than with a series of observations. The evidence ranges from the case study of a middle-class white woman who insists on taking black lovers to discomfort her parents more than to please herself, to the model factory town of Pullman, to passages from Gide and references to Proust. Yet one is left with the feeling that evidence is introduced to anchor generalizations that cannot be substantiated by single examples. Given, in other words, greater confidence in the argument being developed—and, one must admit, a richer development of the argument—what Sennett advances as evidence would be better advanced as illustration.

Obviously, one does not prove—in the mode of scientific proof—a personal argument about the nature of authority and its vicissitudes in contemporary society. But in this instance the disjuncture between case study and generalization remains unusually disturbing.

This relationship between evidence and argument is all the more jarring because of the virtual absence of any discussion of political economy or historical development. It is one of the besetting sins of sociology, as of psychoanalysis and philosophy, to reason all too frequently without reference to historical change or even to economic relations. It is, or should be, a commonplace that the conception of human nature, of "man," is an abstraction from far more complex human relations. It is to Sennett's credit that he is attempting to argue with an eye to historical and economic specificity. But even those most sympathetic to his undertaking must confess that he fails to realize his aspirations.

Sennett, preoccupied with recent developments in linguistics and the philosophy of language, draws heavily upon the concept of metaphor, although he leaves himself open to extensive criticism on its use. He tries to establish authority as a metaphor, draws upon the notion of dissonance and views interpretation as an integral part of social process. All these ideas have merit, but Sennett does not develop them sufficiently to dispel the suspicion that he is merely latching on to ready-to-wear intellectual fashions instead of tailoring them to his own purposes.

Sennett's intellectual strategy, combined with the brevity of his treatment, leaves the reader tantalized but unsatisfied. He gives us an evaluation of social psychology—authority as an emotional bond, as an interpretation, as a metaphor—with no discussion of the dynamics of social psychology. He comes perilously close to the device, for which he reproaches others, of reading the mind of the collectivity exactly as one reads the mind of the individual. He gives us an extended treatment of paternalism with no reference to women as a social group. He draws his examples from the United States and Western Europe with no mention of the nation-state or the problems of national identity. His various references to capitalism eschew any discussion of its specific manifestations, much less its anomalies, unequal development and so forth. To capitalism, he juxtaposes a highly generalized and essentially misleading view of the stability of the world we have lost. One searches in vain in his pages for any reference to Louis Dumont's discussion of hierarchy, to the work of Pierre Bourdieu and his colleagues on social reproduction and to a host of others. The point is not to fault this or that omission but to underscore the disquieting effect of misplaced concreteness on the one hand and overgeneralization on the other.

Janeway's work offers a nice counterpoint to Sennett's. The two are,

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KADDISH

Mother of my birth, for how long were we together
in your love and my adoration of your self?
For the shadow of a moment, as I breathed your pain
and you breathed my suffering, as we knew
of shadows in lit rooms that would swallow the light.

Your face beneath the oxygen tent was alive,
but your eyes were closed. Your breathing was hoarse,
but your sleep was with death. I was alone with you,
as it was when I was young but only alone now
and not with you. I was to be alone forever,
as I was learning watching you become alone.

Earth is your mother, as you were mine, my earth,
my sustenance, my comfort and my strength,
and now without you I turn to your mother
and seek from her that I may meet you again
in rock and stone. Whisper to the stone,
I love you. Whisper to the rock,
I found you. Whisper to the earth,
Mother, I have found my mother and I am safe
and always have been.

1905

While my father walked through mud
and wore his borrowed sister's shoes,
Russia attended Coq D'Or and cheered,
and while he worked in a cellar bindery
and slept on work benches rats leapt over
at night, Dostoyevsky's White Nights
and Anna Karenina were being read avidly,
amid joy, tears and protests. My father
was not heard from, he was the silent one
walking through the streets where the hot arguments
went on about guilt and poverty. He walked,
his work bundle underarm, from cellar
to monastery to bind holy books and volumes
of the Russian classics, and when they had enough
of classics and needed blood, he fled,
for his was real to them; only he
worked and starved. All others were but
characters in a novel or a play, bless Chekhov,
Gogol and others for their genius,
but my father was the one who had not been
immortalized and made untouchable.
Only he was real in Russia's torment.
Only he stood for life. All else was books
and that was the torment that he with his woman's shoes
and work bundle underarm
could exist, apart from their classical giants,
and he fled, and they turned back to their classics
and to themselves, conversely unbelievable
and unalive, to feed their rage, but to decay
as books do in the dusty air.

David Ignatow

David Ignatow's new book of poems, Lie Close Against the Ground, *will be published next year by Atlantic-Little, Brown & Company.*

as best one can judge, essentially addressing the same middlebrow audience, but they approach their projects from different backgrounds. Sennett, as a deservedly successful academic, is attempting to translate the concerns of the academy into the language of the generally cultured. Janeway, as a novelist, essayist and feminist, draws upon selected academic experts to develop a specific argument with respect to power. With wisdom, intelligence and a refreshing refusal to accept either fashionable disaffection or self-serving panaceas, she plunges into the very dynamics of power, relying for her guiding thread on those special "powers of the weak" suggested in her title.

Borrowing from the anthropologist Victor Turner, she identifies the powers of the weak with "inferiority" understood as the category that countervails structural power, fosters continuity and creates "the sentiment of wholeness of the total community, positing the model of an undifferentiated whole whose units are human beings." Hierarchical and stratified societies often assign those powers "to females, the poor, autochthons, and outcasts."

Throughout the book, Janeway maintains the delicate balance between outrage at those hierarchies that cast the weak, or the governed, as unthinking, nonbeing objects of power, and respect for the vitality of life among the weak: the true community of human beings. Recognizing the diversity of experience within the imposed category of inferiority, she nonetheless takes the experience of women as proxy for that diversity. In this spirit, she opens her first chapter "Power, Place, Process" with a quote from Karl Marx: "Anyone who knows anything of history knows the great social changes are impossible without the feminine ferment. Social progress can be measured exactly by the social ferment of the fair sex (the ugly ones included)." And Janeway, returning to Marx's statement later in the book, underscores the importance of including the "ugly ones": social progress does not depend upon the recognition of individual women at the whim of the powerful but upon the collective right of all women to be individuals.

In Janeway's hands, understanding the representative experience of women as the weak, or the governed, becomes a complex strategy for understanding the very processes of power, authority and

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governance and therefore of injustice, oppression and exploitation.

Throughout, Janeway insists on power as process rather than property, on power as a relationship between the powerful and the weak, the governors and the governed, those who define themselves as adults (the white male establishment) and all others, whom they label as children. Thus, in her own terms, she explores power as hegemony—domination that rests not so much upon the command of physical might (although that too must be included) as upon a vision of the world—a socially reinforced habit of superordination validated by "the weak."

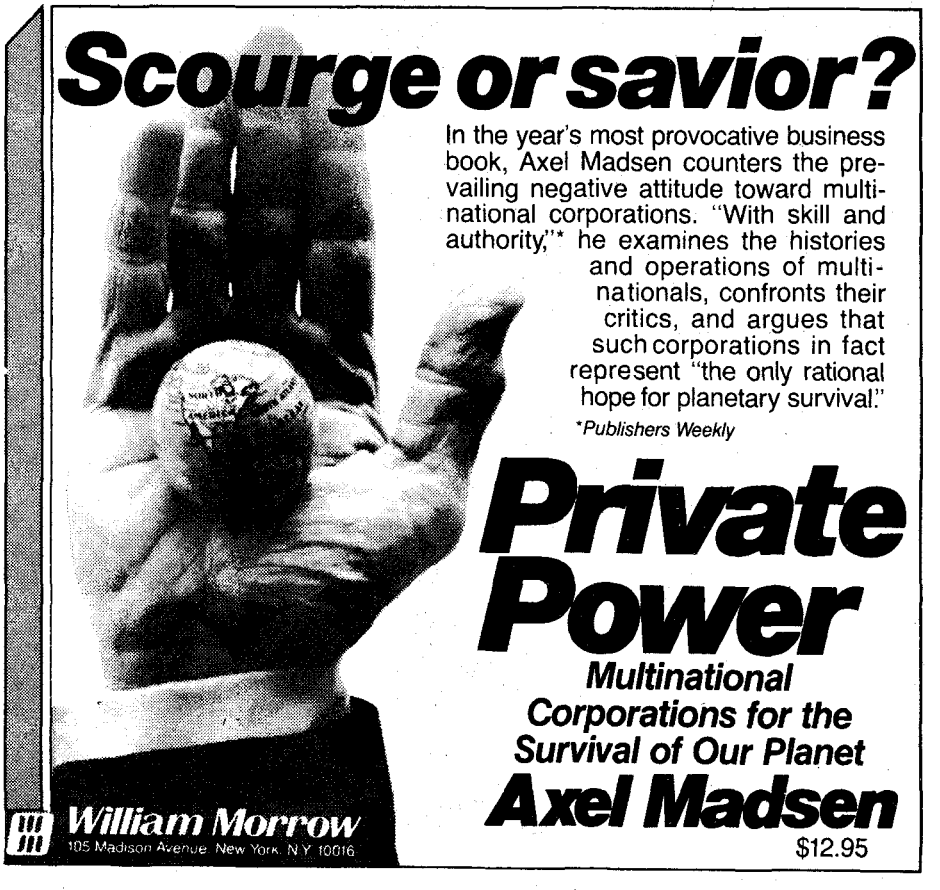
Janeway's empathetic reconstruction of the psychodynamics of the powerful, her ability to relate even tyrannical behavior to the nightmares of every childhood, only strengthens her uncompromising condemnation not merely of tyranny but of benevolent despotism and paternalistic leadership as well. At the same time, she steadfastly refuses to sentimentalize the weak who, in her judgment, remain essential to the dynamics of power. Never falling into the trap of blaming the victim, she nonetheless holds the weak accountable, thereby recognizing them as participants in community life and according them that fundamental respect which can only emerge from compassionate and demanding identification.

Acknowledging and exploring the magic that invariably garbs and buttresses power, and drawing upon her own earlier work, Janeway explores myth as static and inhibiting. Rejecting any conspiracy theory of oppression as mythic, she insists that it erodes the ability of the weak to resist by inviting "our own agreement to our unimportance, the acceptance of insignificance, the conviction that we deserve what we're getting." With no hint of dogmatism, she recalls the full text of Marx's reflection on religion as the opium of the people and reminds us that what can provide genuine solace to the dispossessed can reinforce the claims of their oppressors. With particular skill, she evokes the role of the trickster in precapitalist societies as the orthodox challenger of orthodoxy. These observations on the multiple structures of belief underscore her argument—reminiscent of Sennett's dependent disobedience—that it is one thing to challenge the power structure but more difficult "to challenge our acceptance of the world as it is." We participate in the magic that accompanies all power and that holds us in thrall.

Because Janeway is so deeply preoccupied with moral, cultural and psychological questions, her commitment to understanding power as political implicitly contests the sad and shabby —the impotent—disaffection that has tended to dismiss politics as the dirty games of the powerful, as necessarily corrupt. In calling upon the weak to take possession of themselves and their lives, in warning them against despair, paranoia and complacency, Janeway invites us to acknowledge our position as inherently political; she urges us to take action, on our own terms, against a sea of troubles, to reappropriate politics as the proper action of a human community in quest of the public good. If our oppression is political, our resistance becomes possible—and must be political as well.

In a different way from Sennett's work, Janeway's is radical, if radical may still be taken to encompass the quiet, firm dissent from received myth—radical in a low-key, almost conversational, mode well within the confines of good manners, civilized discourse and existing institutions. I have serious disagreements with Janeway's unwillingness to confront head-on the structural problems of society and, especially, the economy. Her favored strategies for community organizing, special-interest politics and renewal of art and criticism lack conviction, even within her own framework. At times she comes close to a vision of individual self-reconstruction, despite her keen recognition of any self as partially the result of power relations and, hence, a social product. In her admirable determination to avoid a mere reversal of prevailing structures or the simple substitution of a new group of powerful for the old, she has perhaps moved too far in the direction of open-ended, participatory agnosticism. There is, she concludes, no end—presumably because the politics of human survival, like the quest for social justice, remains simply a process.

It has become fashionable in academic circles to differentiate learnedly between power and authority. Although the discussion permits as many opinions as about how many angels can dance on the head of a pin, the prevailing tendency is to accept a notion of authority as legitimized power: Au-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thority thus becomes a social-psychological or cultural phenomenon, while power, in the vein of Machiavelli and Acton, remains properly political. The distinction is manifestly false if we accept politics as the practice and language of institutionalized human coexistence. For such institutionalized coexistence runs the gamut from culture to violence, and politics can partake of anything from personal relations to warfare.

The relative emphasis evoked by the two words is nonetheless instructive with respect to these two books. Sennett steers as far as possible from here-and-now politics, while Janeway takes politics as her alpha and omega. To be sure, I have doubts about the realism or cogency of her preferred solutions. No more than Sennett does she grapple with the intractable questions of class relations and political economy—energy crises, leveling off of growth—a world, in short, of scarce resources. In practice, I doubt that her politics differ much from Sennett's. The critical difference seems to lie in their points of departure. Janeway writes from the strength of her identification with the women's movement. The weakness of her politics may, in some measure, reflect precisely the contradictions inherent in a movement of women from different social classes. She nonetheless enjoys a political reference point, a recognition of collective commitments and a sense of responsibility to a group. In this respect, she brings a multiple perspective to bear upon contemporary ills. Even the ugly ones, wrote Marx. As you do unto one of my kind, so you do unto me. As you label one of us a whore, so you label me.

This recognition of the individual as hostage to a collective perception—women, the weak—marks a giant step away from the myth of autonomy (that Sennett so appropriately criticizes) toward the awareness of our political identity. One of the more poignant and pernicious legacies of capitalist paternalism has been the toll it has taken on the souls of men—including especially the ingrained, unconscious, compulsion to interpret all power and authority as the struggle between the father and the son. One of Janeway's great strengths is her ability to discuss these questions without the hints of autobiography that haunt even Sennett's admirable struggle and that so manifestly distort Christopher Lasch's *The Culture of Narcissism.*

There is no special virtue to being female rather than male: we are all hostage to our collective processes. But Janeway's thoughtful exploration of the experience of the weak, on the basis of identification and of commitment to the radical structural change that justice to the weak requires, brings a fresh perspective to contemporary political thinking. Notwithstanding my reservations, *Powers of the Weak* emerges as the most informed and satisfactory of the spate of recent attempts to identify and analyze the congeries of contemporary ills. Never seeking to command acquiescence, the book invites the participation of its readers and fully merits their attentive engagement. □

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Occupying the High Ground

THOMAS I. EMERSON

THE COURT YEARS, 1939-1975: The Autobiography of William O. Douglas. *Random House. 434 pp. $16.95.*

INDEPENDENT JOURNEY: The Life of William O. Douglas. *By James F. Simon. Harper & Row. 503 pp. $16.95.*

Justice William O. Douglas was certainly one of the most extraordinary Americans of this century. Raised by his widowed mother on the wrong side of the tracks in Yakima, Washington, he rode the rails east to attend Columbia Law School. Soon after graduation he was teaching law at Columbia and then moved to Yale Law School where he quickly became a full professor. At the beginning of the New Deal, Douglas was attracted to Washington, D.C. Upon completion of a massive and highly technical study of the use of protective committees in corporate reorganization proceedings, he was appointed to the Securities and Exchange Commission. Within two years he became chairman of the S.E.C., took on Wall Street and forced a reform of the New York Stock Exchange. In 1939, when Douglas was 41, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt appointed him to the Supreme Court. There he served for more than thirty-six years, the longest tenure in the history of the Court.

Douglas suffered a serious stroke at the end of December 1974 and was largely incapacitated from that time on. He resigned from the Court in November 1975, and died in January of this year.

The Douglas career was by no means confined to a monastic life on the Supreme Court. He was a major figure on the Washington scene for decades. Seriously considered for the Presidency, he was three times close to becoming the Democratic nominee for Vice President. Several times he refused a post in the Cabinet. He traveled widely in the United States and abroad, wrote numerous articles and books and freely expressed his views on national issues, including foreign policy. One of his major interests was in environmental causes.

Virtually no one, friend or foe, disputes that Douglas was a genius. His mind was incisive, wide-ranging and creative. He had an uncanny ability to master an enormous volume of material and cut to the core of a problem with dispatch. While other Justices on the Supreme Court were complaining of a

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backbreaking overload, Douglas always contended that he needed only four days out of the week to do his share, and more, of the Court's work. Frequently he would be writing an opinion on the bench while listening to oral argument in another case with one ear.

Douglas was also controversial. He was attacked as being result-oriented, for being an activist, for undermining the public image of the Supreme Court as a neutral institution. He was denounced for the substance of his decisions, which sought to limit the encroachment of government on individual rights, attempted to assure constitutional protections to the poor and the submerged, supported the right to freedom of speech for Communists and otherwise recognized the claims of the underdog. He was also criticized for his personal life, which included four marriages. He was threatened with impeachment, also four times, one of them constituting a determined and serious effort. As he observed, "It seemed to me that I had barely reached the Court when people were trying to get me off."

Plainly, Douglas is an excellent subject for biography and autobiography. In *Go East, Young Man*, published in 1974, Douglas recounted his side of the story until his appointment to the Supreme Court. *The Court Years* takes us the rest of the way. According to the publishers, the book was largely completed by 1973, before his stroke, although Douglas worked on it up to the time of his death.

The Court Years deals largely with the operations of the Supreme Court. Douglas discusses the various schools of thought on the Court, his own philosophy and approach, deliberations of the Justices in many of the major decisions, his views of colleagues who served with him and of attorneys who practiced before the Court, and other features of the workings of the Court. Unlike *The Brethren*, Douglas's work tends to play down the personal differences among the Justices; he refers to them as an "amicable group" and asserts that the conflicts were "ideological" but not personal. Yet the details are not quite so bland; the power struggles, maneuvering, personality clashes, as well as the Douglas inclination for acerbic comment, frequently emerge.

Douglas also tells us some things about his life in Washington. He was on intimate terms with Presidents Roosevelt, Truman, Kennedy and Johnson, though he broke with Johnson over the Vietnam War. And he knew countless Congressional leaders and other high-level Government officials. After the Roosevelt years, his reaction to the Washington scene became increasingly critical.

The autobiography is simple, direct, sometimes eloquent, not overly concerned with problems of organization or repetition. It is definitely addressed to the lay reader, not to the expert or technician.

In *Independent Journey*, James F. Simon, professor of law at New York Law School, has produced the first full-scale biography of Justice Douglas. On the whole, Simon is sympathetic to the Douglas legal position and he discusses it plainly and intelligently. The major portion of the book, however, is not concerned with Douglas's work on the Court but with other aspects of his life. Simon has not only utilized available records, memoirs and papers but has interviewed many members of Douglas's family, as well as friends, colleagues and acquaintances. On the basis of this evidence he takes issue with Douglas on some matters of fact, where he feels Douglas has succumbed to an excess of "literary license." These do not alter the basic account that Douglas himself gives. But Simon does, as biographer, contribute an added dimension to the picture which the autobiographer could not or would not give.

Douglas was clearly a complicated and often difficult person. He could be warm and charming with close friends, distant with most of his colleagues, gruff and rough with his staff, domineering with his wives, neglectful of his family, moody and a mischievous practical joker. How accurately Simon has captured the real Douglas is hard to say. Certainly, interviews with former wives may not present a rounded picture. But Simon has given enough to make us see and feel some of the personal tides and crosscurrents that lay beneath the brilliant career.

Both biography and autobiography bring out clearly the underlying theme in the life of Justice Douglas and the source of his enormous contribution to the American weal. It lay in the contradictions Douglas perceived between the eternal verities, learned at his mother's knee, and the backsliding, compromises, cowardice and ultimate corruption of public persons and institutions. Douglas was raised on firm but

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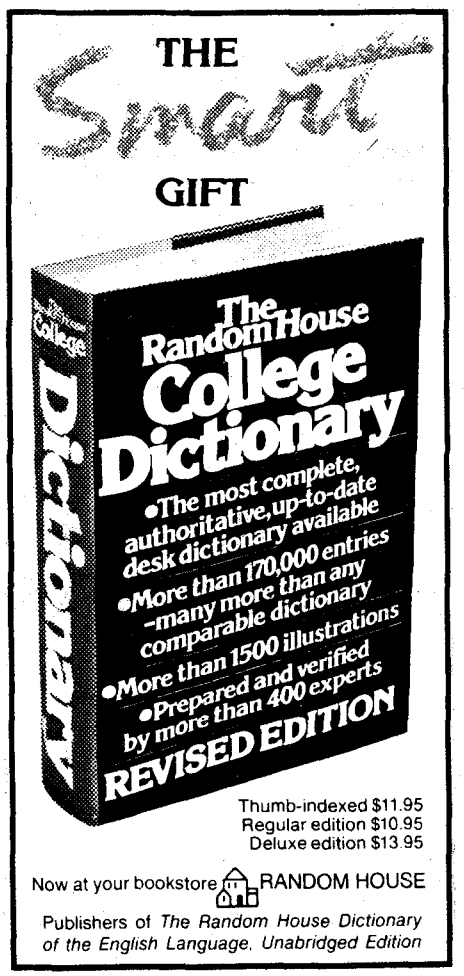
simple principles—honesty, loyalty to friends, compassion, concern for nature, love of country. He found instead hypocrisy, overintellectualism, pomposity and general betrayal. In his words, he felt that "my generation became politically bankrupt." And he not only became contemptuous of the actors but took up the cudgels against their deeds. Hence he was skeptical of government, hostile to the establishment, vigorously committed to the rights of the ordinary citizen and eager for diversity and new ideas.

This basic attitude of Justice Douglas is reflected in his whole approach to law and to the interpretation of the Constitution. It underlies his most important substantive positions—the primary role of the First Amendment, strict adherence to the concept of equal protection, the extension of the due process protections to the poor and uneducated and the creation of the constitutional right of privacy. The same concerns molded his views on the role of the Supreme Court and the judiciary: "The courts are indeed the 'great rock' over which all storms break"; they are not intended to be "neutral" but to enforce the Constitution.

Douglas's attitude toward the world he found in Washington is seen also in the style of his opinions and his techniques of decision making. He had a profound aversion to logic-chopping, to the convolutions of the "Harvard cabal." He wrote for common people, not law professors. He stressed the importance of the facts of every case, as a way of bringing each decision back to the realities of what was taking place. Douglas, along with his friend Justice Hugo Black, had a remarkable ability to find the core issue among the diversionary legal trappings. As to advocates before the Court, he preferred Charles Fahy, for "his complete honesty," to Dean Acheson, whom he found "too pontifical."

In his life away from the Supreme Court, Douglas reacted in the same manner. Of the Presidents he knew, only Roosevelt comes off well; Nixon, of course, is the personification of evil. Douglas constantly speaks out against the corporate domination of American life. He deplores the tactics of the government lawyers in the loyalty proceedings against Robert Oppenheimer, declaring that their "manipulation of power to serve selfish and popular ends . . . was the forerunner of the professional disgrace of the lawyers in Watergate." He attacks the universities for becoming "research adjuncts of the Pentagon, not scholars in the pursuit of truth." And he denounces American foreign policy toward developing countries as elitist, shortsighted and uncomprehending. All of this in plain and blunt language.

It is rare to find a top-level public official who will, as Douglas himself expressed it, "occupy high ground" and hold a firm position there. It is even rarer that such a person will be endowed with the exceptional talents that Douglas possessed. There is an education here for all of us. □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Replanting the Cherry Tree

RICHARD LINGEMAN

AMERICAN MYTH, AMERICAN REALITY. *By James Oliver Robertson. Hill & Wang. 398 pp. $16.95.*

Americans like to think of themselves as a hardheaded, practical people—the bottom line, how much? just the facts, ma'am. But there is a wide streak of fuzzy-minded dreamer in us—else why did the song "The Impossible Dream" once almost threaten to become the national anthem?

At a deeper stratum of the national psyche, the historian James Oliver Robertson finds us as prone to mythicize our past as were the ancient Greeks. In *American Myth, American Reality* he has identified, comprehensively assembled and traced through time the canons of the American mythos, and the dreams, symbols, rituals, heroes and imagery that they have generated. Some of these myths are leitmotifs of American history and often perceived by historians as not mythical at all. *Qua* myths, they have more usually been the grist of sociologists and anthropologists like Robert and Helen Lynd, Hortense Powdermaker and William Lloyd Warner. Now Robertson has restored these myths to history, explicated their meanings, shown their various metamorphoses; indeed, he provocatively suggests that the myth and reality of America are inseparable—that our myths generate reality as well as being generated by it.

"We hold these myths to be self-evident," Robertson might say. America can be explained by her myths, and these myths serve to justify her to her people. The stories about reality that Americans tell themselves serve as "the nonrational, often irrational, embodiment of their experience as a people, upon which they depend as much for their vision and motivation as they do on their formal ideologies and their rational analyses and histories." As these myths are handed down from generation to generation, they "gradually take on the quality of explanation. The myths create the social illusion that understanding has been achieved."

Robertson begins with two archetypal American myths—George Washington chopping down the cherry tree and the story of the Pilgrims' first Thanksgiving. Sans Freudianism, but with much the same analytical doggedness, he

Richard Lingeman, executive editor of The Nation, *is author of* Small Town America *(G. P. Putnam's Sons).*

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breaks down these bland, ingenuous stories into their component themes and resonances: youth versus paternal authority, new nation versus Old World, civilization and frontier, the creation of Christian civilization in the wilderness, and so on. Like the myths of all cultures, these stories serve to "maintain common ideals, common images and referents, common behavior."

The myths give answers, and it does not matter whether they are "true" or not, in the framework of Robertson's analysis, but rather whether they are functional—whether they encompass and subsume the flux and dilemmas of American life. Robertson retains a nonjudgmental, descriptive role throughout, eschewing the role of social critic, though the criticism is often strongly implied; he is juxtaposing, rather than contrasting, myths with realities because "the purpose of myths—indeed, their *function* in human life—is to reconcile those contrasts and make it possible for people to live with them," as he remarks in an aside on Christopher Lasch's book *The Culture of Narcissism*. He is more Linnaeus than Darwin.

Americans have incessantly invented myths to gain psychic wholeness. These myths are not always stories à la Parson Weems; many are complex belief systems (and I might observe here that Robertson uses "myth" rather sweepingly; he might have drawn upon Freud, et al., more explicitly to demonstrate the psychological underpinnings of the process). One is reminded of H.L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan's *The American Credo*, only Robertson delves beneath surface social satire. He is after grander themes—the wilderness, the frontier, Manifest Destiny, the birth of the nation, independence, war, racism—to mention some of his rubrics.

Sometimes our myths do involve heroic individuals or types, both real and fictitious—the frontiersman, Abe Lincoln, the cowboy, the Horatio Alger hero. Their outward forms often change, yet most can be traced back through a single lineage to their matrices in an earlier day. The American myth of radical individualism, for example, generated the frontiersman hero, apotheosized in Lincoln as the ambitious frontier boy who came to the city and saved the nation in a righteous war. With the rise of industry in the post-bellum period, the individualistic heroes changed: the frontiersman became the cowboy (an "employee") or one of Horatio Alger's plucky, lucky young clerks, whose frontier was the city and who pursued happiness in wealth and success rather than in land and conquest.

As a nation, Robertson says, we have clung to a multiplicity of deeper myths which portray America as both fortress and crusader, *destined* to grow and expand and bring civilization to benighted natives here and abroad. (Here, the author might have considered the economic dynamics: are myths rationalizations, in the Marxian sense, of economic interest?) The progression culminated in Vietnam, which is why, I assume, Robertson quotes, at the outset of his book, a passage from Frances FitzGerald's *Fire in the Lake*:

> The national myth is that of creativity and progress, of a steady climbing upward into power and prosperity, both for the individual and for the country as a whole. Americans see history as a straight line and themselves standing at the cutting edge of it as representatives for all mankind.

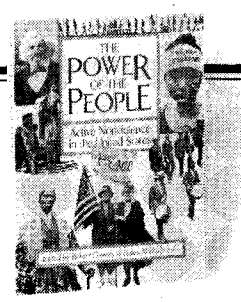
Perhaps Robertson is a cultural critic in spite of himself, for at the end of his book he leaves the American mythos broken up on the rocks of mid-twentieth-century reality. Perhaps, indeed, a grander book would have been one that sought to make a criticism of American life through the myths we live (and die) by—but that is the stuff of tragedy. What Robertson has achieved is to weave the myths he has so aptly analyzed, and described with such scholarly sweep and lucidity, back into the fabric of American history. This is a considerable achievement, and makes for a book of enduring significance. □

THEATER

JULIUS NOVICK

A Life
Duck's Breath Mystery Theater

Desmond Drumm was a minor character in Hugh Leonard's play *Da*—a dour, prickly, repressed, self-righteous civil servant, very intelligent, sustained in his aloofness by his often-expressed conviction of his own superiority to virtually everyone. He went a proud and lonely way through the Dublin suburb in which he lived, the very opposite of the



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stereotypical blarneying Irishman, but not dissimilar to certain people you meet in the pages of Joyce and Yeats. Now Leonard has given Drumm a play of his own, entitled, with Drumm-like austerity, *A Life* (at the Morosco Theater in New York).

Like *Da, A Life* puts the past and the present on stage simultaneously. Drumm sees in his mind's eye, and we see before us, his younger self helping a redheaded girl named Mary with her homework. Young Desmond is in love with Mary—old Drumm still loves her—but she marries a loutish "corner-boy" named Lar, who can give her a dance and a laugh instead of a lecture all the time, and so Desmond is left with Mary's friend Dolly. Now both couples have been married for forty years; the cast consists of four actors to play them as they are, plus four more to play them as they were.

All this tinkering with time is nothing new in the theater; it does not conceal the fact that *A Life* is a conventional sentimental drama. The play takes place on the day Drumm is informed that he is terminally ill; that is what generates all his retrospection. The humiliations of earnest, awkward, vulnerable young Desmond are pushed for all they are worth, maybe a little more. At the end there are implausible revelations and even an unlikely, sentimental rapprochement between Drumm and the wife who has been getting on his nerves for forty years. The protagonist of *Da* was exasperated by his ineradicable love for his silly old ghost of a father; the play seemed to fight, in a healthy way, against its own sentimentality. Drumm rejects sentimentality in others, but he is inwardly full of self-pity; in both his self-justification and his ultimate, unlikely self-accusation, *A Life* comes close to open tear-jerking.

I was not much moved by the play but I was interested in it. The young and the old selves of the characters are shrewdly dovetailed in the writing and, under Peter Coe's direction, in the casting and the acting. Among the older set, Roy Dotrice as Drumm and Pat Hingle as Lar make a rich contrast: Rectitude and Complaisance, Rigidity and Ease, Buttoned and Unbuttoned, personified. Their juniors, Adam Redfield and David Ferry, respectively, amplify the contrast nicely. In his play *Summer*, produced off Broadway earlier this season, Leonard was interested in the ravages of time. In *A Life*, people do not deteriorate over time, except physically; after forty years those who were young are old, but they are still, intriguingly, very much themselves.

And Drumm himself, a little repetitive at full length, is for all that a considerable creation. He has his own particular sour, unfriendly wit: asked if his wife is "tiptop," he replies, "She went over the summit some time ago." Drumm, in his wintry vigor, is so clearly his own worst enemy that he evokes a kind of sympathy, along with a reluctant admiration. *A Life*—the life of Desmond Drumm—shows how intellectual pride can be a prison as well as a fortress.

Duck's Breath Mystery Theater is five oddly assorted young men who came from the University of Iowa in 1976 to live in San Francisco and do their act in colleges, cabarets and other vortexes of comic culture. They conform to none of the San Francisco Bay Area stereotypes: they are not notably political, druggy, laid-back or gay. They are primarily zanies rather than satirists, wearing funny hats, making funny faces, doing funny antics, emitting funny noises. In their Scottish folk dance, one of them tootles on a primitive flageolet, one simulates a bagpipe by letting the air slowly out of a balloon, while two others thwack each other with sticks. "Not everybody in Scotland wears kilts all the time," cautions one of the dancers, "so don't lay your kilt trip on me." If the show I saw is typical (they claim to have several hours of material), they are actually pretty funny most of the time, in an unpretentious, slightly funky way, and they are relaxed and personable enough to be good company between laughs.

Like other comedians, they parody rock singers and television performers. They also imitate famous paintings; not too many other comedians do that. They lead the audience in "Old MacDonald Had a Farm." "For next week," they say, "consider what are the vegetables in your refrigerator thinking about you right now?" What indeed? Some day I would like to see their Ingmar Bergman parody, "Sonata My Fault," and their epic, "Gonad the Barbarian."

After hearing about them in San Francisco, I finally caught *Duck's Breath* (if that's how you say it) at the Colonnades Theater Lab in New York, but they have toured in twenty-five states, so who knows when they will turn up in *your* town? □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Bye Bye Brazil
Sir Henry at Rawlinson End

Grinning and capering like a court jester, *Bye Bye Brazil* conveys a bleak estimate of that country's social and economic condition in the guise of a bawdy comedy of carnival life. It was written and directed by Carlos Diegues, who had, I would suppose, a double motive for this sardonic masquerade: first, to gain a wide audience for his views and, second, to evade the wrath of the Brazilian authorities, a clique not conspicuously tolerant of criticism.

The vehicle for this enterprise is a raree show—part magic tricks, part belly dancing—that travels the Brazilian back country in search of villages so remote that they have not yet discovered the competing amusements of television. The stars of the troupe are its owner and ever-resourceful impresario (José Wilker), who calls himself the King of Dreams, and his companion, the alluring Salome (Betty Faria). They are assisted by an accordion-playing country boy (Fabio Junior), who has joined them out of a lust for travel and for Salome, though he brings with him his six-month pregnant wife (Zaira Zambelli). There is also a black man, alleged to be deaf and dumb, who raises and strikes the tent, bends iron rods and takes on all comers at hand wrestling.

You can—indeed you should—take the wanderings of this quintet as a picaresque tale of charming rascals. They are vivid and handsome, quick-witted in their dealings with the public and among themselves frankly amorous. They create a mirage of glamour out of almost nothing and charge almost nothing for it (when there is no cash to be had, poultry and trinkets are acceptable). It is a hard life and they enjoy it, being both tough with one another and mutually sustaining. Diegues intends that you should like them, and it would be strange if you did not.

But he intends also that we perceive in this antic mosaic the outlines of a disfigured society. Diegues does not wag a finger to make his points; they emerge incidentally from the story. It happens thus that a pregnant young woman finds herself in the back of a

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truck, her possessions tied up in a bundle and she bound for she knows not where—all because her husband, who is seen to be a pleasant, gentle fellow, has an itch to vagabond and a yen for the woman riding up front in the cab. And when the show's truck and gear are lost in an unlucky gamble, the obvious way out of the embarrassment is for the women to put on their city clothes, take up their pocketbooks and walk the streets of the nearest town. In short, the women of Brazil know a tyranny much older than the military fist that now rules the country.

Reality keeps breaking through in other ways. One evening, after the usual business with colored handkerchiefs and hysterical chickens extracted from a hat, the magician asks for questions from the audience. But they are not the sort he expects. When will it rain, an old man wants to know: "We have had no crop for three years." And a woman asks for news of her family, all of whom have gone to the city and sent no word home. For once, this most glib of entertainers is at a loss for words.

And what the military are doing with the country they have seized begins to emerge when the company, hungry for customers, drives deep into the forest of the Amazon. Bulldozers are tearing up the jungle floor; planes taking off from claptrap frontier towns are filled with workers who have signed contracts they do not understand, if indeed they can read them at all. It is boom times in the Amazon and the desert is keeping pace with the tractors. Along about then the young couple break away from the show to seek a base for themselves in Brasilia. However, they do not land among the skyscrapers and parks of that mushroom capital but in a muddy warren of rusty shanties: an instant city has provided itself with instant slums.

But Diegues makes no comment on any of this. He merely guides his scamps into situations and through territories that belie the persistent optimism of their wanderings. Not many movies are as frivolous and sunny as *Bye Bye Brazil*; it is a subversive lark.

A fact sheet coyly addressed to "Dear You" and distributed at screenings of *Sir Henry at Rawlinson End*, advises that the concept of the film "started life as the brainchild of Vivian Stanshall, well-known in the seventies for his humour in the Bonzo Dog Band." I was not lucky enough to come upon that group when it was flourishing, and the only dog in *Sir Henry* is a seeming bull terrier, stuffed and on wheels, that from time to time raises its leg and pisses on some member of the cast, causing the rest of the company to collapse in laughter. I envied them their merriment.

What we have here is a department of British spoofery, on exhibit also in large segments of Monty Python, that evidently appeals powerfully to English audiences but is as incomprehensible as cricket to many of us living across the sea. To my provincial eyes, the film looks to be the work of brash schoolboys who, not having learned to distinguish between wit and tomfoolery, exert themselves to ridicule the institutions of church, state, class and family that have been dinned into them by their parents and masters. This they attempt through a succession of custard-pie maneuvers that are intended to be hilariously shocking. And perhaps they are if you were raised in the idiom and can relish the trashing of hallowed assumptions. Pomposity and privilege certainly warrant satire, but to an outsider the Bonzo Dog approach looks like idiocy masquerading as iconoclasm.

Sir Henry, residing in a state of sustained alcoholic bravado at his ancestral seat, is troubled by the intrusions of the ghost of his brother, Hubert, whom he had shot by drunken misadventure. This accident occurred while Hubert was embracing the wife of a tradesman; he expired, thus, in a state of undress and will not rest in his grave until his trousers are restored to him. It's a good enough thesis, but developed in an ecstasy of pandemonium that smothers the comic possibilities.

The proprietors of the picture, Charisma Films and Records, supply reviewers with unusually extensive background notes on the players. The information on Trevor Howard, who plays Sir Henry, runs to three typewritten pages and lists thirty-nine stage and screen credits, including roles in such memorable productions as *The Way Ahead*, *Brief Encounter*, *The Third Man* and *Mutiny on the Bounty*. These detailed notes on Howard and his colleagues are intended, no doubt, to prove that the actors and actresses knew what they were about when they signed up for *Sir Henry*. I wonder. □

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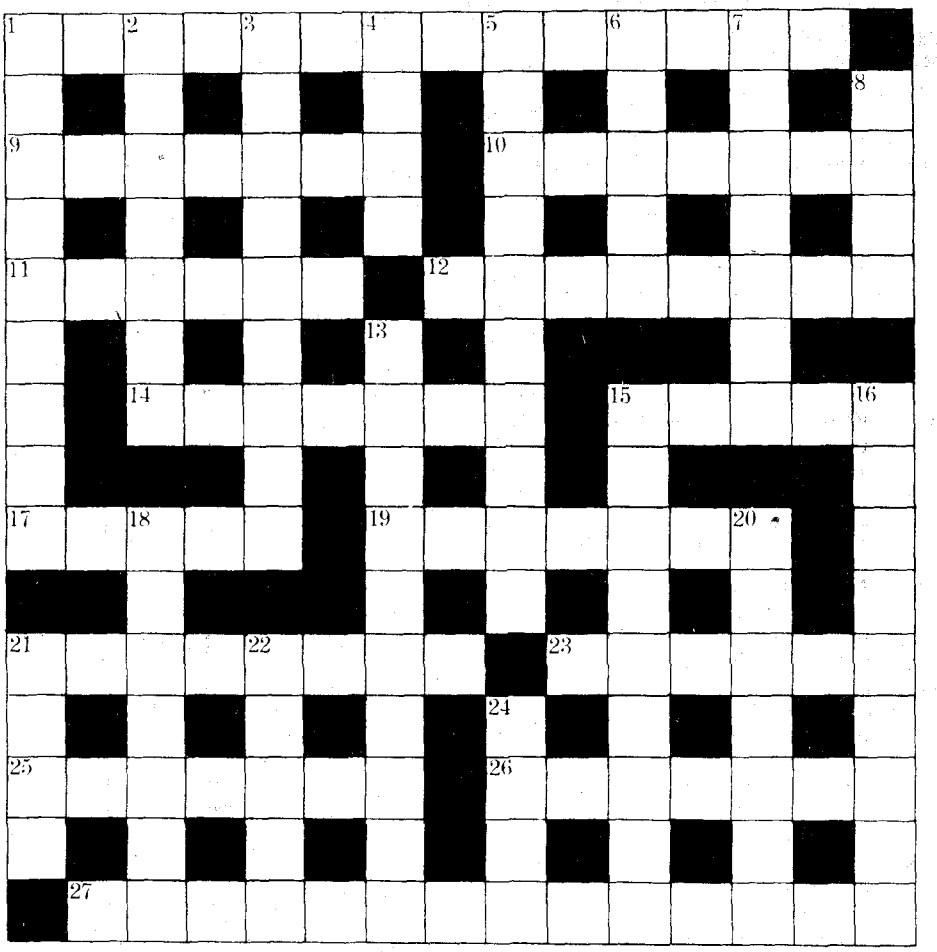
Crossword Puzzle No. 1844

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 It's a guess, but it's also like "warm," not having been told. (1,4,2,3,4)
9 Seamen's Building, altogether. (2,5)
10 Part of theater get-up as arranged in back. (7)
11 Bar put out unusually sudden and unexpected. (6)
12 One of the things that may happen after a fumble, as Roosevelt promised. (8)
14 In the auto, Jacques' father is quite a cutter-up. (7)
15 Perhaps a copy of "Parents," but it's really for children. (5)
17 and 24 down Certainly not stay-at-homes of childhood fiction. (5,4)
19 Stopped by the light, at times, but some cops try to stop a different type. (7)
21 What a sniper sometimes does with garden or construction tools not on sale. (5,3)
23 "Lippy" seems to have change for a bill, a clue might say. (6)
25 It might be one the car is trying to catch—not really the car itself. (7)
26 From zero to eleven, any day of the year you can get rust. (7)
27 A watering place on the meadow—hang loose with the landlord! (Relatively white!) (2,4,2,1,5)

DOWN

1 and 21 down King, head of the Church, and altogether a fine poet! (9,4)
2 Imposing, but not really like Ruth! (7)
3 What students may have to turn in doesn't necessarily have litmus. (4,5)
4 Cast out of Eden by necessity? (4)
5 Is it put out just for company, like the one they used to pump in the parlor? (5,5)
6 and 8 Columbus made an important one where you can dance in the fullest sense. (9)
7 Typified by McGuffey. (7)
8 See 6 down
13 How Caesar addressed his erstwhile friend with the spirit of Sky Wars, but it doesn't take much finesse. (5,5)
15 What one might be doing with tires raising the prices sky-high. (9)
16 Egg-head with the bulletin put out in high-spirited fashion. (9)
18 Spoils what they get? (7)
20 Its nick-name doesn't imply the streets meander all over the place! (7)
21 See 1 down
22 Trouble in Salem—trouble here later. (5)
24 See 17 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1843

ACROSS: 1 and 5 Article of Faith; 9 Pippa; 10 Vestigial; 11 Irregular; 12 Rumba; 13 Dewdrop; 15 Equated; 17 Parapet; 19 and 24 Take the stand; 21 Yacht; 23 Fall short; 25 Intuition; 26 Altar; 27 Strikes; 28 Sedates. DOWN: 1 and 17 down Applied physics; 2 Top drawer; 3 Clang; 4 Envelop; 5 Observe; 6 Friar Tuck; 7 Idiom; 8 Halyard; 14 Rope trick; 16 Tit for tat; 18 Toffies; 19 Talents; 20 Extorts; 22 Cater.

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Your mellow wisdom, gained from your 115 years of weekly existence, has enlightened us in the past. Now I'm wondering if there is some secret of the meaning of life that you would like to share with us?

Secrets? You want secrets, go file a Freedom of Information Act request. I don't believe in secrets. That's why I proposed the Spy Library.

The Spy Library? What's that?

It's an open-shelf library containing all of our current secrets. It would be open to all spies who can prove a sincere interest in espionage. They could search through the card catalogues and check out any secrets they like.

But I don't understand. Wouldn't that be helping them do their work?

Oh, no. You see, under the present classification system the Government does the spies' work for them. Now our secrets are labeled according to their importance—Top Secret, for the really big stuff, down to Confidential, for small-potatoes secrets. In the Spy Library, the foreign agents would have to figure out for themselves what's important.

I see. Do you have any other ideas like that?

Oh sure. All the time. My Swiss missile bank, for example. It would solve the problem of stationing U.S. missiles in Europe. We'd deposit them in Swiss bank accounts, and the trusty Swiss bankers would hide them in various Alps. As everybody knows, you can trust a Swiss banker to keep a secret. So the Europeans wouldn't have to worry about missiles on their soil and the Soviet Union wouldn't feel threatened.

I thought *The Nation* was a serious magazine of current affairs and the arts. Those ideas sound like *Mad* magazine.

My friend, it's a mad world. Sometimes the most outrageous ideas make more sense than what our Government is selling. Take the MX missile. Only Alfred E. Neuman could have dreamed that one up. Most of the time, though, I just try to make sense out of the world as it comes. And if *you* subscribe to *The Nation*, maybe you can too. Just fill out that handy coupon over on the right.

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